

IRISH ROGUE:

OR, THE

Comical HISTORY

Of the LIFE and ACTIONS of

Darby & Brolaghan,

From his Birth to this present Time.

To which is added,

The *Gold-Merchant*; or, the notorious
Cheats of *Turlough*, and his Man *Patrick*.

Far Umper na Fuole.

A L S O,

Letters of COURTSHIP,

A N D

LOVE-LETTERS.

By the Late Earl of ROCHESTER.

D U B L I N :

Printed for, and Sold by JAMES DALTON, Book-
seller, at the Corner of *Bride's-alley* in *Patrick-*
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Character of Turkeys, and his Man Parrot.

For Under no Title

ALSO

Letters of Courtship

AND

LOVE-LETTERS

By the same Author

DUBLIN

Printed and Sold by J. B. & Co. in the Strand
in the Year of 1741

THE IRISH ROGUE:

OR, THE
Comical HISTORY of the
LIFE and ACTIONS

OF

Darby O Brolaghan,

From his Birth to this present Year,
1740.

CHAP. I.

He gives an Account of his Parentage: How his Father was Hanged in Wythe, after the old Irish Fashion; a while after his Mother was brought to Bed in the Mountains. How his Mother turn'd Fortune-teller, with her first Success. How, under pretence of discovering hidden Treasure, she got a Silver Basin, and 40 pieces of Gold, and cunningly pick'd an old Usurers Pocket: what Inventions he had to steal Poultry; and the Comical Adventure of Robbing an Orchard.

WHEN it first came into my Mind to furnish the World with an Impartial Account of my Life and Actions, I thought convenient, for the better complying with Custom, before I entered upon my own Particulars, to say something of my Ancestors; but

B

searching

searching after my Pedigree, I found it so intangled amongst the Bogs and Mountains, that it would prove next to (if not altogether) an Impossibility to untwist it: Though I have heard my Father say, when high-flown with two or three Cups of *Uisqubaugb*, and the Creature began to work in his *peritranium*. That he was descended Lineally from the Old Earls of *Munster* for near five hundred years. However, Time had so Moth-eaten the Records, that it has rendered our Name there Invisible, and not so much as mentioned in Story; which obliged me many times to doubt, he was mistaken in his Account, or had been imposed on by some flattering Bards, no other than begging Harpers; a Kind of Stroling Vagabonds, that infest the Country, under pretence of keeping Records of Pedigrees, and foretelling future things. But not longer to dwell on trifles, what ever our Family had been, it was so dwindled and worn down by Time, and the fickle turns of Fortune, that my Father (which is, as far as after a tedious search, I am capable of Tracing) was no other than a *Kern*, or *Tor*, living by the length of his Sword, and force of his Pistols, upon such spoil as he could take from the miserable Villagers, inhabiting near the Mountains, where he and his Accomplices had their lurking holes.

My Mother, though I could never hear she was Married, followed my Father, through many Difficulties and dangers, at length Nature, that will have its course, obliged her to drop me in a Cave; and that part of the Country affording no better Accommodation for her hopeful Issue, she found her self constrained to continue there, living upon the slender Stores she had providentially laid up, till Fortune, who has all along played at Football with our Family, brought my Father to his end; for going upon a party, and Advancing unadvisedly too far from his strong Holds, *viz.* the Bogs and Mountains, he fell into an Ambush as he was returning with a considerable Booty; and although he, and his Accomplices,

stood

stood stoutly to it, till many were killed and wounded, yet the Country coming in, he was overpowered and taken, and some time after executed

This doleful News coming to my Mothers Ears, drew Tears from her Eyes; but considering what was past could not be remedied; she took up her Bantling, and set a resolution to leave that solitary place, where for the space of two Months she had lived; but having spent her Provision, she cast many things in her mind what course she should take, and after a tedious Cudgeling her Brains, to turn fortune-teller, not being unacquainted with the Giberish Cant used by those Deceivers; when tying me to her back, she trudged to the next Village, where, although a Chimney was as rare to be seen as a Noblemans House with a Turret on the top, and the People as poor as a Grasshopper in Winter, yet she Wheedled them out of a part of that little they had, and found the like success in other places; and where she perceived them backward, her Fingers would turn to Lime-twigs, so that whatever she touched, infallibly stuck fast. And in this manner she stroled the Country, till I became a lusty Lad: Nor did she fail to instruct my promising Years in the way to live and set up for my self. And now aiming at higher things than Trifles, she resolved to visit Dublin, the only place of the Kingdom for ready Money in time of Peace and free Trade. Long she had not walked the Streets, but she fixed her Eyes upon a young Gentlewoman, standing a Fanning her self, at the door of a very promising House, who by her Gesture; and Mimmical actions, appeared to be none of the Wisest; of which my Mother hoping to make some advantage, fell to Crossing her self as she approached, distorting her Face, and turning up the Whites of her Eyes. The Lady at first seemed affrighted at so strange a Gesture, and was about to retire, as thinking she was Mad: but my Mother beginning to open her mouth after the usual manner, convinced her she was no *Bedlamite*; insomuch that they came to a Parley, and *Madam* consented to have her *Fortune*

told: My Mother fell immediatly to Pumping her Fist, and gathering many things from her own Discourse, repeated to her the same again in doubtful words, with some additions and conjecturals; which made the young Lady stand amazed, concluding, that no less than the Witch of *Endor* was come to Life, and had got a Lease of *Belzebub* for the other hundred years. My Mother by pumping, having got knowledge that she was newly Married, and very Rich, refused to take a Cob (a piece of Money so called) which she offered her, scenting better Game in the Wind, as the sequel will make out.

The credulous Gentlewoman giving her self over to strong Belief, my Mother would not slip the golden Opportunity, but resolved to use the Credit she had gained; and, after promising her a happy Life, many Children, and Prosperity in Affairs, she all on a sudden, raised the Tone of her Voice; and, Oh! said she, this is not all, the Stars have taken peculiar care for your Advancement; Generations past have hoarded up so much Treasure for you, that you are made for ever. How! said she, (starting back as in a Consternation) Treasure for me! Ay, Ay, continued my Mother, finding the Nail begin to drive as she would wish, Treasure for you, and hid in this very House, and I plainly perceive the discovery of it is reserved for none but your self; whole Chests of Gold and Silver, Pearls and Diamonds as big as Pidgeons Eggs. This so amazed Madam, that without replying, she run and acquainted her Husband with what she had heard; and by her persuasions, he immediately came down: Whereupon my Mother began to repent she had not taken the Money offered, and been packing as fearing she might be discovered; and, as an Importor, obliged to shew the shape of her Body at the Whipping-Post; but when she found my Master as fully and credulous as my Mistress, she took courage, and they being eager upon the Discovery of these Golden Mountains of Treasure in *Terra incognita*, she promised to consult her Familiars about it, and give them

them a positive Answer the day following. Whereupon we were taken in and highly Feasted, and so dismissed for that time.

As we were returning to our Quarters, which we had taken up at a little Thatcht House in the Suburbs, my Mother spyed an Old Blade pulling out a small Purse of Money, to take out as much as would purchase a Penniworth of Fruit, which made her itch to be fingering it; so that he no sooner moved forward, but she kept close at his Heels; bidding me keep at a distance; when coming to a narrow place, attempting to step before him, she purposely stumbled, and fell, crying out with a doleful voice, she had broke her Leg. The Old Fellow being nearest, catch'd her about the Waste, and began to raise her up; but she hanging heavy on the purpose, he could not do it; till she had opportunity to Let the Devil dance in his Pocket, by taking out every Cross of his Coin, with which we made Merry in our Quarters.

The Morning being come, my Mother left me, and went to give her Answer, of whose coming the young couple, who had not slept all Night for thinking, were exceeding glad, but were a little abashed when my Mother, shaking her head and making a sower face told them, The Spirits of the Earth, to whom the discovery of hidden Treasure belong'd, had assured her, what she had said was true; but could not be brought to comply with her demands, till some extraordinary pledge was put into their hands, that the Treasure when taken up, should, without defraud, be delivered to those, to whose use the Stars had decreed it: Now I am sure, continued she, the Stars decree it to none but your selves; and therefore what ever you put into my hands upon this account, you need not fear the restoring of it, and the Treasure to boot, in ten days. Hereupon they looked on each other a while, and then the good Man demanded what it must be? or what would be most acceptable? To which my Mother replied, the most valuable thing in the House, and of most esteem with them: But they, here

again, pausing, my Mother seemed impatient of delay, and turning about, pretended to be gone; when Madam catching her by the Arm, intreated her to stay, and taking her Husband aside, perswaded him to a compliance; and to be brief, my Mother, even beyond her expectation, had a Silver Bason, and Forty pieces of old Gold, put into her hands, upon promise to visit them every day till the discovery should be made: Yet no sooner was she come home and made me (now about ten years of Age) acquainted with her success, but we packed up our Awls and bid adieu to *Dublin*, as knowing, if the business took Air, it would be too hot to hold us.

By this time, having attentively hearkned to the many Lectures my Mother had read me, I began to think of putting something in practice, that my tender years might not be squandred away in Idleness; and the first thing that came in my head, was to get me a Stick with a running Swivel, and a Bullet, or piece of Lead at the end of the String, which by a sudden throwing, I could dexterously twist about the Neck of a Hen, Duck, Turkey or Goose, with such force, as rendered them incapable of telling Tales; but many times being unable to deal with the latter, my Mother was always at hand to assist me, as the Old She-Fox does her Cubs, when she brings live Fowl and lays before them, to teach them how to Kill, that they being Fleshed, may be more active to shift for themselves. And thus we made many a Goose so wise, that a short time after our handling, she never was taken for a Goose again; and stored our selves with Provision in our Rambles, besides what we Trucked for Drink, at little blind Ale-houses, where we Lodged, at the end of each Stage: my Mother in this early undertaking standing Centinel with great vigilance, to see the Coast clear, and to give notice for me to desist, upon the first appearance of any body. Thus we kept on, through Woods, and over Bogs and Mountains, till we were got about threescore Miles from our Hidden-Treasure Merchants, who, (as we afterwards heard)

upon

upon the expiration of the time, finding themselves Gull'd and Cheated, cause great search to be made after us; but it seems, they could find neither us, nor the Devil to whose use they delivered the Pledge; and therefore were oblig'd to sit down, and rest contented.

Having as I hinted, crossed the Country by all the By-ways, to hinder the pursuit, we at last thought our selves secure enough, and so took up our residence at a pretty Town called *Killrow*, resolving a while to settle there; when walking abroad one day, it being in *Autumn*, I chanced to cast my eyes on a Tree of delicate Fruit, whose Gold and Purple Rhinds, and Odoriferous scent, though at a distance, made me imagine their Taste far more delicious; fancying in my Childish imagination, it could be no less than a Branch of the Tree of Paradise, of which I had heard my Mother discourse in various Dialects, and for much I longed to be in possession of, that I wish'd that very night to be at them; nor did I defer it longer than the Sun had withdrawn his Chariot and left a gray twilight, which lasted not; the Moon indeed was up, yet shined but dimly through the Clouds: I was not long thrusting my self through the Hedge, and getting over a low pair of Pails that lined it, and the Tree being easy of ascent, I soon mounted, with a Bag at my side, into which my Mother and I were wont to put such Plunder as we got: Being up, I fell to gathering with what speed I could; when all on a sudden I was put into a trembling fit, by the approach of two Persons, whom I could discern to be of the Feminine Gender; but getting as obscure as I could, amongst the thick Branches, I resolved to lye snug as a Thief in a Mill: when they came near I could hear one of them say, Well Sister, though you have got the start of me, and are to be Marry'd to morrow, I shan't be long behind hand with you, for the Match is as good as made between *Richard* and I. And thereupon, coming under the Tree where I sat, which spread its Branches over a little Brook of Water, they began to unstrip, and in an instant appeared like two

of *Diana's* Nymphs, stark-naked; which Pleasing and unexpected sight, young as I was, I could not but contemplate and admire: They dallyed not about the brim, but in they went to the Hams, or somewhat higher; and there, with much merry and pleasant discourse of the approaching felicity they expected in Wedlock, fell to dashing and scrubbing each other by turns, little dreaming such a waking Dragon was in that *Hysperian* Orchard: But as Misfortune would have it, peeping lower than ordinary out of curiosity, the Bag that hung by my side being almost filled, overfet, and falling with a sudden Jerk, pulled me after it into the Water, almost upon the heads of the two fair *Adamites*, which made them leap out in much fright and amazement, while I was paddling to do the like, and had bawl'd for help, as being in no small peril of Drowning, had not fear of discovery prevented the Exclamation. As for the Lasses, what their thoughts were I cannot guess; however their Consternation was so great, that they stay'd not to take their Cloaths, which were planted under a Bush on the further side; but fear adding Wings to their flight, they hastied to the House for shelter; when, as I afterwards heard, it so unluckily fell out, that their Father had just opened the Door to drink his Evenings Draught against whom they rushed with such violence to get entrance that they overthrew him, and running up Stairs, covered their Nakedness with Sheets and Blankets, whilst the Old Man lay fumbling to get up and crying out for help; whose lamentable voice summoning the neighbouring Villagers, they came running with Prongs, old Rusty Bills, and such Weapons as first came to hand, and demanded the cause of the Disturbance. Oh, Neighbours! says he, abruptly stammering and quite out of breath, here are Thieves and Murderers forced into my House, and run up Stairs! How many are there, says one? Nay, replied he, I saw but two; however, by their Garb, they should be desperate Fellows, for they are all in Boots with black Bandeliers below their Wastes, yet the

may be more of them in Ambush for ought I know, therefore stand upon your Guard, whilst we form a sufficient strength to apprehend those that are entered: At which time, the Old Man being a little recovered, staggered to the Chimney, and took down his Rusty Back-Sword, which with much ado, he drew out of the Scabbard, and Brandishing it over his head, entreated those that were straining Courtesie, who should venture first to march up: But no sooner they cast their eyes into the Chamber and beheld two things in humane shape all in white, but they retreated in such haste and confusion, that missing the Steps, they tumbled over each other, and had almost smothered the Old Blade, who bringing up the Rear, happened to be undermost, crying out, the House was haunted with Spirits; which so terrified the Sentinels at the door, that they betook themselves to their Heels, whilst those within scampered out as fast as they could: The poor Girls all this while were in a tedious taking; but Modesty overpowering fear, they comforted each other, resolving to make the best of a bad Market; so that the House being all that night desert, upon the arrival of more Forces, the approach of Day infused so much Courage into the Hero's, that going somewhat resolutely up Stairs, they discovered the naked truth. As for me, being got out of the Water during these proceedings, I made bold to slip off with the Cloaths and Bag of Apples; and upon my return home, related as much as I knew, of this Night's Adventure: upon which, my Mother applauded my Resolution, and laughed till her sides crack'd, at the recital of so Comical a Story; but not daring to Sell my Booty in that Town, for fear of a discovery, we discharged our Shot and trudg'd away *Limerick.*

C H A P. II.

He relates, How coming to Limerick, his Mother set up for a Wise-Woman; and how cunningly managing her Intreigues, she got store of Money. The pleasant Adventure of an old Woman, who came to know when she should have a Husband, and by what Means she passed for a Conjurress. How she sent him to School, and what he observed there: How he fell in love with a young Maid his Schoolfellow, and the Intreigues between them: What a trick, by mistake, he served his Mistress, for which he was severely chastized; and how he was revenged on his Master: With other matters.

LIMERICK being considerably spacious, we had the better opportunity to walk the Streets incognito; and here my Mother took a small apartment, and gave her self out for a Wise-Woman, tho' perhaps such a one in reality is rarely found; however, the rumour being spread abroad by babbling Fame, that a wise Woman was come to Town, the stale Wenches that were Horn mad for Husbands, and afraid the Marks should be out of their Mouths before they were asked the Question, came flocking apace, bringing a considerable income, as religiously believing all my Mother told them, as if they had been consulting the Oracle of *Delphos*; nor did she fail to sell them Love-Powder at a very considerable rate, taking more extortion than an Apothecary for his *Lobloly*, or or a Quack-Doctor for his *Pockey-Pills*; for if I mistake not, she got at least Eleven Pence three-Farthings in the Shilling, for the Ingredients consisted only of parched Peas beaten in a Mortar, then steeped in *Aqua-vitæ*, and dried again over a soft Fire in a Dripping-Pan, till they might be reduced to a Powder, when to give it a flavour, she scattered amongst it a small quantity of Snuff, and so quick was our sale for this laudable Commodity, that it was the chiefest part of my

my Mornings work, whilst we stayed in this Town, to paper it up; to each Paper my Mothers Seal was affixed, to prevent counterfeits, being a *Satyr* leaping out of a Thicket, and catching a Naked Nymph about the waste: and when her name was once up, the old Batchelors and Widdowers came flocking to our Chamber, so that this promising kind of life exhilarated my Mothers Spirits, and made her, in part, forget my Fathers Death, and the many inconveniencies she was forced to undergo, in following him through the Woods, Boggs, and over the Mountains as he had occasion to remove his Tent for fear of pursuit, upon any notable Exploit committed; I remember, amongst others, one old Woman, shrivel'd and wither'd like the Bark of a blasted Oak, came to be resolved when she should be Marry'd; my Mother could not but smile at the proposition (concluding with her self that this sad piece of Antiquity would be lecherous, if possible, in her Grave) and began to read her a Lecture of continency, and preparation for a future state; at which my Grannum turned up her Muzzle, and in a kind of disdainful anger, gnashed her Gums, for Teeth she had none, saying, Do I come here to be affronted? methinks I might have Advice for my Money, as well as the youngest Gilt-furt in Town, and turning away, she fell to stamping her Staff against the Floor with much indignation, declaring she would have a Husband whatever it cost her, rather than turn Whore in her old Age; and so departed in a pett; yet for all her haste, she was near half an hour, getting down a pair of Stairs of twelve Steps.

By this time my Mother, through her Wheedles and crafty Insinuations, being grown almost as famous as St. *Patrick*, a great many credulous People came to be resolved about lost and stolen Goods, taking all she said, if any thing by guess hit right, for Oracle; when one Market-day, the better to confirm them, having beforehand caused a forum to be set in the streets about forty Yards from her Chamber-Window, and several Earthen pots, Pipkins and Dishes to be
Placed.

on it, as if intended for Sale, she sent me to stand by them, with a Battoon in my hand, commanding me to keep my Eye upon her Window, and as soon as ever I perceived her to hold out, and shake her Handkerchief, I should, after cutting a Caper or two, fall to belabouring and breaking the Potter's-Manufacture; I thought this an odd humour, and could not at first dive into the depth of the Conceit; but I was informed upon my return, that having her Chamberful of Clients, she had proposed it to them, as a piece of Conjuraton, and that I was compelled by her Familiar Spirits, to do what I did. This creating fear and wonder in the Spectators, raised her reputation higher, and brought us a crowd of Customers; inso-much, that my Mother began to cast in her mind, what she should do with the Money she gained by these Advantages; and often proposed, that I should be either a Lawyer, or a Merchant: and the better to qualifie me, resolved I should learn to Write and Read; and carryed it so far, that a Pedagogue was sought for my Accomodation, though I had no stomach to be employing my Talent that way: However, an old Well wisher to the Mathematicks being heard of in the neighbouring Village, thither my Mother carryed me, and agreed about my entertainment at Board Wages; as for the learning of the School, it was not very Profound, for all my Masters Stock amounted to no more, than just as much as enabled him to Write and Read; yet he was held amongst the People to be a great Schollard, and had a considerable number of either Sex, under his Tuition; and being of a Letcherous inclination, I soon perceiv'd he made it his Recreation to turn up the Bums of two-handed Lasses fit for Matrimony, and tickled his fancy, in beating a March upon their bare Buttocks, with his Weapon of School Government, whilst they hung kicking, sprawling, and bellowing upon a Boys back: This indeed proved pastime to me as well as to my Master; for young as I was, my prying Eyes discovered something, in these Gamboling

Intreigues,

Intreigues, that set me a longing, though I scarcely knew for what; however, strange thoughts run in my Noddle; infomuch that my mind being carryed away in Fancies, I made a slow progress in my Learning; nor did my Master care I should, least in a short time I should arrive at his *ne plus ultra*, or want to go further than he could teach me.

Amongst other young Virgins of our Fellow-Collegians, one above the rest, seemed to me the sweetest pretty Creature that ever I had seen; she was of an exceeding fair Complexion, with a Rising Forehead, Arched Eyebrows as black as Jett, and Eyes that sparkled like Diamonds, her Nose a little bending, and in her Cheeks, the Roses and Lillies struggled for Mastery; her Lips seemed perfect Rubies, and her Teeth Orient Pearls, her Chin somewhat a semi-Oval, with a smiling Dimple; her little Breasts, that began to swell, rose and fell with a pleasing panting, * as she breathed; and her Air was such, that she was all over exceeding taking; which made me labour to contract a more than ordinary familiarity with her, and the better to make her esteem me, I made her frequent Presents, of such things, as I thought would be most acceptable; and when at any time I had robbed a Garden or Orchard, I would be sure to reserve for her the choicest Flowers or Fruits; and what Monies I pilfered from my Schoolfellows, was laid out upon Dainties to Accommodate my little Mistress: Often we met abroad in the Fields, and my Hat was at her service to Milk the Cows in, when we were adry: we sat many hours under the shady Coverts of spreading Trees, gazing upon each other and sighing, for we scarce knew what, Kissing and Billing like two Turtles; but when my venturous hand offered to stray in forbidden places, she always opposed her Modesty against my Rudeness; which dashed me so far out of countenance, that I was constrained to repent me of

* Here the Author very judiciously describes the *Irish Beauties*, who are perhaps in General the most lovely Creatures on Earth.

my rashness; but at length her fear made her cautious of Rambling with me any more; nor could my Intreaties, nor Protestations of Civility, prevail with her to be abroad with me alone. I fretted, thus to be deprived of those pleasant moments I had flattered myself to possess, in her Charming conversation: But when I had notice a Letter was come from her Parents to Summon her home, I grew in a manner Outrageous, and resolved to put in practice what I before had attempted; and knowing one Evening she was in her Chamber, I planted myself close upon the Stairs I knew she was to come down, (my Master out of covetousness, allowing none of us Candle, so much as to light us to Bed; and indeed, they are very rarely to be had in those parts of *Ireland*;) I had not lain long but I heard the Closet Locked too, and some-body come towards the Stairs-head, I thought it could be none but she, and therefore prepared myself to seize on Loves Altar, and give my Hand the satisfaction of distinguishing the difference of Sexes. for that was all I proposed to myself: as soon as I thought she was within reach, I boldly enterprized it, but found, by the extraordinary bulk, I was mistaken in the Person; nor had I leisure to quit the Stage, before I perceived, by a Groan she fetched, to prepare her Lungs for louder Exclamations, that it was my old Mistress: whereupon rising suddenly, in hopes to get away *incognito*, she stumbled upon me with such an unweildy force, that down we fell together eight or ten Steps; and although I was bruised with the fall, yet I got up and made all the haste I could to hide myself, whilst my Mistress lay roaring and crying out Murder Whereupon my Master, and several of the Boys, came running with Lights, and there beheld the Old Woman with her Coats over her Ears, and her Legs lying upward on the Stairs, bare to the Waste.

My Mistress being taken up, and refreshed with the *Aqua-vita*-Bottle, in a doleful Tone, related the Adventure; whereupon all the Scholars were immediately Summoned; however, I obeyed not, but kept close, which

which occasioned my Master to conclude I was the Offender; when after much search, being draged out of my Hole, my countenance betrayed me; and though I made many frivilous excuses, they availed me nothing, I was carryed immediately into the School, my Master not having the patience to stay till next morning; and there turning up the Hour-glass, he fell to exercising my Posteriors, taking a turn or two about the Room, between every three or four severe Lashes, reading me a Lecture of Modesty, and so continued fleaing my Buttocks for the space of an hour, and then sent me Supperless to Bed: I slept little that night, highly stomaching the Correction I had received, not so much for the smart, as for the shame, resolving not to stay, yet vowing Revenge e're I parted, which soon after I found means in part to effect.

It happened, as usual in *Ireland*, that our Windows were strangers to Glass, (for in these Days, in the more obscure Parts of the Kingdom, by the Desolations committed by the Armies, the Glass was in general destroyed, and little or none to be had from abroad) being made of Lattice, or Wicker, and the Casement Shutters of Board, to slide up and down, as high or as low as you please, with Pegs to clap into the Holes, to keep them up or down, like new-fashioned Sash-windows; when so it happened on a pleasant day, that my Master, after Dinner, having taken a large Cup of *Usquebaugh*, leaning his head out over the Tranfil, fell asleep; which no sooner I perceived, but it came into my haad, that this was my time to quit scores; when getting softly on a Stool, I let down the Casement-shutter just upon his Neck, his Chin being out, and clapping in the Pin beyond his reach, compleatly Pillor'd him; and running a great Pin in his Arse to the head, which waked him, I left him a Gazing-stock to those that passed by: He instantly called for help, but I stayed not to see the issue, for having Locked the door upon him, carrying the Key with me, I betook me to my Heels, and stopped not till I came to my Mother. My Master

the

the next day sent a grievous complaint after me; but when she understood how severe he had used me, and been an eye-witness of the Scars he had imprinted on my Posteriors, she proved deaf to all he could alledge, and resolved against my returning.

Being thus freed from my old Pedagogue, I fell to practising flight of hand, and all the Tricks and Cheats of *Legerdamain*, in time I became so dexterous a proficient, that I was taken for no less than a little Conjuror; getting as much Money by shewing Tricks, as supplied my Extravagancies; and being one day at Town, five miles distant from that we had taken up our abode in, I met with a young Spark whom I had seen at *Dublin*, and scraping acquaintance, we went to a blind House, and were conducted into an inner Room, where divers were Smoaking and Drinking; where perceiving a pair Breeches fastned to a Rope that went cross the Room, I demanded of my Companion what it meant? who told me, it was to exercise young beginners in their Trade and Calling; and so proceeded to relate, that young beginners, at the Mystery of diving into the Stowage of the Pocket, were trained up by this, as a Hawk by a Lure: For, continued he, there is a small Bell placed in the Pocket, which with the least shake will tinkle; and if the Scholar be steady-handed, that he can take out any thing and never disturb the Bell, then may he be able to do the like to any one, and be not felt or perceived; but if he happens to tinkle the Bell, he is counted a Bungler, and undergoes the Discipline of the Master of the Science, which is, to be Srapado'd with a Ropes-end, unless he buy it off with half a dozen of Drink. This I resolved to try, and in two or three times was very dexterous at it; he gave me an Account of many other Practices, which in the Series of this Story will be more propely related.

* This Method, was certainly used by *Jonathan-Wild* and his Accomplices in training up his young Pupils.

C H A P. III.

He relates how he picked a Watch out of a Sparks Pocket: how he came to his Mother to Conjure for it, with a promised Reward; but when restored, he charged her with Felony, and carried her before the Justice, and by his witty Enterprize, she was cleared, &c. Of his Amours with his Mothers Maid, and how being surprized, the Wench lost her Life, and how he occasioned his Mothers drowning, and rambled with the Money she had boarded: How being made drunk, he was Robbed and left in a House that was broke open, and the next morning committed to Prison, &c.

IT happened, as I was going home, two Fellows falling together by the Ears, occasioned a great Crowd, which made me, thrust in amongst others to see the Event; and here it came in my Head, to put in practice what I had just been Learning; and, as my Luck would have it, casting my Eyes about to see where a booty was most likely to be found, I espied the Key of a Watch hang out of a Sparks Pocket; I stood not long considering, but, as he was gaping, so well plied my business, that I nicked him of Times Register, and rubb'd off, undiscovered, making my Mother a present of my first Master-piece in Thievery, which she accepted with a smiling Countenance; but scarce had she it two days, e're the Owner came, who I presently knew, and thereupon began to tremble, as thinking I had been discovered; but when I heard him treating with my Mother about retrieving it, by the power of her Art, I was better satisfied: She at first paused upon the business, to deliberate, whether she had best undertake it or not; but in the end, concluding she could not safely sell or dispose of it, (few of that Country understanding or having Money to purchase a Watch) she came to Terms, and agreed for forty Shillings, to help him to it in two days:

The

The Man seemed overjoy'd at this good Luck, and came at the hour appointed, at which time he had sight of it; but when my Mother demanded the promised Reward, he bogled, and pretended she had Robbed him of it, taking it from her by force; and immediately sending for a Constable, carried her before a Neighbouring Justice, giving her only so much time as to come up Stairs, and give me charge to take my Impliments with me, and attempt, by any ways I could devise, to bite him of the Watch e're he came before the Justice. I instantly obeyed, and dogged him every way, being sometimes near, and sometimes at a distance; but began to despair, when I perceived he cautiously kept his hands in his Pockets; however, I resolved to try the utmost Effort: At last they came to the Justices House, and my Mother looked very blank that I had not given her the Sign she ordered me, when I had effected it; but by good Luck, Mr. Justice was at Dinner, and so they were forced to attend, A considerable number of People, as is usual, were gathered to see what the matter was; I, like a seeming School-Boy, set up and fell to Whipping my Gigg, driving it as near as possible, where the Spark kept walking; but finding him vigilant over his Pocket, a sudden Stratagem came into my head; I remembred I had a * Quill of living Lice in my Pocket, prepared for such a design, this I took out, and unstopping it at both ends, with a gentle blast, fixed them upon the Back and Shoulders of my Spark: the six footed Animals no sooner found themselves at liberty, but they began to crawl, and spread themselves on his black Suit, so that they were soon perceived by the by-standers, some laughed, and others told him, he was well Guarded; whilst for a time, he wondered what they meant, beginning to frown; but when the Bloodsuckers had encompassed him, and he perceived how they marched Regiment-

* His laudable and ingenious Contrivance is to this Day practised with great Success and Applause.

ed in Rank and File, he began to be ashamed, and pulling his hands out of his Pockets, fell to brushing them off, which others helped him to do: and amongst the rest, you may be sure I was none of the backwardest, for by this officious undertaking, I compassed my design; and having tipped my Mother the wink, marched off, when just at the juncture, the Justice coming down, they were called in, and the Spark having made his complaint, my Mother replied, very sharply, that she never had any Watch, and that he came to put a Trick upon her, desiring that he might prove he ever was Master of one in his life time. That, replied he, may be easily proved, for I am Master of it now, and have it in my Pocket. Mark, says my Mother, what he says. I dare be bound to undergo any punishment, if this Fellow has any Watch in the World; and yet he has the impudence to say he has one in his Pocket. If I have not, continued he, I will own before Mr. Justice, all that I have said to be false. To this they agreed; but when he came to fumble for it, his colour immediately changed, and he fell to Swearing, that my Mother was a Witch, and sent the Devil to fetch it out of his Pocket; for that he was sure he had it a few moments before: My Mother reply'd as smartly, and threatned to arrest him on an Action of Damage for the Disgrace he had drawn upon her Reputation, if he gave her not speedy satisfaction: As for the People, some Laughed, and others condemned the Fellow, as a designed Cheat; and in conclusion, the Justice dismissed my Mother, and the Spark was obliged to give her Twenty Shillings to put up the Affront, and had the Watch into the bargain, no entreaties being able to prevail with her for a second recovery.

My Mother growing into some Reputation, took into her Service a young Wench about fifteen; this Maid was very forward of her Age, as I had observed, by some Intreigues between her and a Neighbours Man, which made me, now about thirteen years of Age, think of putting in for a share; nor needed she much

much Courting, I could read the Language of her Eyes, which declared the willingness of her Mind; and getting her Abroad one Day, I found her so coming, that if in the Night I mistook her Bed for my own, I need not fear putting her to the squeek; and indeed, there passed many Familiarities between us; but one Morning having tired our selves, and being more drowfie than usual, my Mother rising very early, found us fast asleep in each others Arms, which so enraged her, that she soon waked us, with a thundering Alarm; the Wench frightened at this unlooked for surprize, leaping out of Bed, her Eyes scarce open, and flying my Mothers Fury, for want of better heed, fell down Stairs, and her Forehead hitting against a Spike in the Post, it entered her Brain, of which she immediately died: The Consternation this Tragical Accident occasioned, made me scape the scowering I looked for; my Mother fearing if this should be known, it would be taken, that she had murdered her; wherefore she carried the Body down into a dark Cellar, commanding me to be secret, a I tendered her Life, and my own welfare, and there sowing it up in an old Canvas, with as much Incumbering weight as she thought would sink it, she came to a resolution, in the dark of the Evening, to through it into a River that run near our House, and accordingly, taking the time when all was still, she got up the Burthen, being a very lusty Woman; but too hastily sewed, it ripped, with shaking, in the lower part, whereupon she ordered me to take the Needle and Pack-thread, and sew it up, which I did with eagerness, when it so fell out, I made more haste than good speed; for, what through that and fear, I unluckily (as I believe,) sewed the Canvass to my Mothers Cloaths, which she not discerning, sent me before for a Scout, to see if the Coast was clear, and followed with her Burthen at a distance, when arriving at the middle of the Bridge, where the Stream was very rappid, and the Banks exceeding high, and, as I suppose, thinking on a sudden to discharge her self, the weight being fastned,

lost her in after it, where she either sunk, or was carried away by the Current, for I could hear but one Shriek, which happened, doubtless in her fall, when missing her I run along the side of the River, in hopes of giving her Assistance, but never could set Eyes on her more. However, to make the best of so sad a misfortune, I concluded to go home, pack up what I could, and leave the Town before Morning, lest enquiry should be made after my Mother, and her Servant, of whom I was unable to give any Satisfactory Account; and accordingly, I ransacked all the Trunks and Chests, and found to the value of two hundred Pounds, in Money, Plate and Rings, with my Spark's Watch, &c. These I put in a small Trunk, and leaving the Bedding and Lumber, as things not Portable: I set forward to try my Fortune, and so fast I trudged, that before it was day, I was got above twelve Miles; when being weary, I betook me to a Wood, and making my Trunk my Pillow, there fell asleep, and waked not till almost Noon; so that being now a free Denizen of the wide World, I resolved to Husband what I had got to the best Advantage; yet, young as I was, conceiving it dangerous to travel in a Country so naturally given to Thievery, with so great a Charge about me, it came into my head, to hide so much of my Estate as would be burthensome, or breed suspicion, and thereupon I sought the most Solitary place for a Conveniency, that I might have a Reserve to help me out at a dead list; and after a tedious rambling through many Mazes and Labyrinths of Briars and Brakes, I found a hollow Cavity at the bottom of an old Oak, eaten into the Root by the Teeth of Time; and taking great Notice of the Place, I bestowed so much of my Cargo, as I imagined not portable without Inconveniency, covering it with Earth as carefully, as a Usurer his hoarded Pots of Ore, to prevent the prying Eyes of Mortals, if any should happen to wander that way, raising at a distance a little heap of Stones, as a Monument of my Riches; and so scouting on all hands, to be sure,

as well as I could, that no Lurker had seen me, I left the Wood, well satisfied, and travelled to a Neighbouring Village, where, after a moderate Refreshment, I began to inquire after News, and such like trivial matters, to pass away the time, often out of a vain Glory, pulling out my Money, paying my Reckoning by Parcels, which my Land-lady minding, intimated it to a Gang of Sharpers, no doubt her constant Customers, that were, it seems, contriving Projects in a little dark Room, by what shifts to furnish their Pockets, that had been a long time famished for want of a Supply of Coin; whereupon one of them passed by to Eye me, and upon his return, gave me a very respective Congie; he was no sooner with his Company, but he told them he knew me, and I was one Mr. *Macdonel's* Son, a Gentleman of great worth in those parts; upon which another came out, who as strongly oppos'd what the other had affirmed, and fell to it so sharply, Pro and Con, that a Wager ensued, and my Landlady came to invite me in to decide it, with a low Courtesie, and a whole shoal of *Irish* Compliments: At first I was a little surprized, but thinking to make some Advantage to personate so Eminent a Mans Son (though the Rascals only flattered me, and it was a Contrivance to chouse me out of my Money) I confidently confirmed what the first had avowed, and the other with seeming Reluctancy, yielding the Wager to be lost, they called apace for *Aqua-vitæ* and Snuff, showing me a profound Respect, and offering me a thousand Services and Kindnesses, passing the brown Dish about so often, that my Brain began to be intoxicated with that heady Liquor, and I imagined that all things danced about the Room, which has made me since conclude, it was in a drunken Fit, that old *Copernicus* writ his Systeme of the *Worlds* turning round. Many merry Tales were told, and various Discourse passed, with which I can but imperfectly charge my Memory, by reason I was so dozed, perhaps by the Infusion of Drugs in my Liquor, that after sundry noddings, and imperfect Answers to what they

they propos'd, I dropt into a profound Sleep, and waked not but to my double misfortune; for early the next morning I had scarce opened my Eyes, but I found my self invironed by a Band of Rusticks, who were drumming a march upon my Buttocks with the ends of their Staves, to rouse me; at whose rudeness, not knowing I had been removed, or what had befallen me, I began to be very Angry; but with loud Clamours they made me understand, that the House, I then was in, had that Night been broken open, and a considerable value of Money and Goods taken thence. This declaration did not a little startle me; so that after hard rubbing my Eyes, and two or three shrugs, getting upon my Feet, lifting up my Hands, I began to protest my Innocency, but they would not hear me; for indeed, the Clamour was so great, they could scarce hear themselves.

Being a little recovered from the Amazement the Surprise occasioned, I bethought me so far, as to thrust my hands into my Pockets, but found the Birds had left their Nest, and were flown I knew not whether, which made me bawl out in a piteous tone, I was Robbed and undone, having indeed lost every cross of my Coin; after which, some fell into a fit of Laughter, others said I was a crafty Rogue, and cried Whore first, to save my Bacon; and thereupon, notwithstanding the Apology I made, hurried me before the next Justice, to whom I related all that occurred to my memory, as how I came into an Ale-house in the Town, and what Companions I met with; how I had lost about thirty pounds, but by what means I came into this House, unless by Conjuraton, I was altogether Ignorant; hereupon my Landlady was sent for, who declared I had been at her House in Company that were altogether Strangers to her, and that I there had owned my self to be the Son of Mr. McDonnell, and went away with my Associates: The Justice, who knew the Gentleman, and that he had no Son, was so Incensed, that refusing to hear my Defence, ordered

ordered my Mittimus to be made, and immediately sent me to Prison.

C H A P. IV.

How, being Solitary in Prison, he was delivered by an unexpected Stratagem; and brought to those that had put the trick upon him: How he was entertained, and accompanied them in Robbing a House, with the Politick Contrivance, and pleasant Adventure that happened; the undertaking and escape: How, in Female Attire, he decoys an old Usurer into the Wood, that through mistake of Sex, attempted to Debauch him, and where his Companions Robbed and Bound him: How he went to Confession, and Robbed the Popish Priest in his own Chappel, the Verses he left, and the Comicalness of the Adventure.

Discouraged at this unexpected Misfortune, inclosed in the dismal Walls of a Prison, to which I had never been accustomed, sad thoughts came crowding into my Head, and made me shed Tears in abundance, driving me into such Frenzy and Dispair, that I many times wished my self out of the World; and, peradventure, had an opportunity favourably offered, during those Melancholy thoughts, I had been my own Executioner: But long had I not been there, ere a huge two-handed Woman came, as she pretended, to see the Prisoners, and distribute a Charity amongst them; but, as I since understood, she was sent by my Trappanners, to work, if possible, my Deliverance: having taken a view of the rest, and given some trivial parcels of the Money, she cast her Eyes upon me, and began to enquire the Cause of my Confinement: I hid nothing from her, but told her, with Tears in my Eyes, the particulars of my Misfortune; she seemed to be much concerned, and calling me aside, told me, if I would be ruled by her, she would contrive a way to release me: I thereupon took her for my good Angel, and like a drowning Man, resolved to grasp

the least Twig that promised but the shadow of safety, when looking carefully about, to observe if any Spies were upon us, and perceiving the Coast clear, she clapped me under her Coats, that trailed on the Ground, and bid me keep step for step with her; when calling immediately for the Turn-Key, and giving him two Harpers to drink, she carried me off. I contentedly induring a scent, which at any other time would, perhaps have been no ways pleasing; nor was I missed, as since I have been informed, till they came to Lock up, which was several hours after: During which time, being freed from my Coverture, we passed through so many Woods, and unfrequented ways, that it was next to an impossibility to trace us: At last we came to a long House at the side of a Cops, where we no sooner entered, but I found my Sparks that had put the trick upon me; but considering it would avail me nothing to be angry, or demand Satisfaction, having none to stand by me, and fearing further mischief, I thought it best to put up all that had passed.

I was no sooner introduced by my Amazonian deliverer, but they fell into a Laughter, which being over, one of them told me, that in the end I should be recompenced for what I had lost and suffered; and proceeded to flatter me with many professed Kindnesses, (though I soon smelt it was only to Wheedle me out of my Hidden Treasure, of which I had dropt some ambiguous words, when in my Cups) that they had contrived the Stratagem for my Release: However, I thanked them, and dreading, least Rambling alone, I should be retaken, resolved to be one of their Company, as they desir'd, till I could better shift for my self, for now I was but Fourteen, and extraordinary little of my Age: Here we spent profusely, my Charges being borne out of the Publick Stock; for out of the House whether they had carryed me dead-Drunk, they had taken a great Booty; protesting it was their design not to leave me, but to have brought me to the place where I now was, had

not the People of the House unexpectedly taken the Allarm, and forced them to flight.

We had not continued in this station above five hours, but one of them having been upon the Scout, brought word, he had certain Intelligence, That one Mr. *Morgan* had lately sold a Parcel of Land, and received two hundred pounds, having the Money in his House, about five Miles distant from our Quarters. They were presently all agog to be fingering it, and perswaded me to accompany them in this Enterprize: At first I trembled at the Proposal, remembering my last Misfortune: But they Swearing to leave me no more in the Briars, but run an equal hazard, I disposed my self to make the fifth in number. They had all their Implements at hand, as Bettys, Hand-Spikes, false Keys, and other Mischievous Materials, suitable to the Trade; and amongst others, frightful Habits and Disguises: The Moon shined very dimly when we set out, and, as if ashamed of our Villainous undertaking, grew more obscure; however, we arrived at the Haven of our hopes, and began to try our Instruments for forcing the Windows or Doors, but found them so close Baracado'd and shut, that they proved too strong for us, without an extraordinary Noise; which put us upon another Stratagem, *viz.* It so fell out to our Advantage, that an adjoining House was Empty, and then a Repairing; from which my self, and one of my Companions, (as now I must term him) got upon the Roof of the Untenanted Mansion in our Habits of Bares Skins, and frightful Vizards of the same hanging over our Faces; but finding the upper Windows had likewise Shutters, we resolved to attempt our way down the Chimney, which accordingly we did, whilst the rest stood Perdue, thinking to sink no lower than a Chamber of the second Story at furthest; but it so happened, that not well discerning the Funnels, we came into the Kitchen, being almost Rosted in the way, by reason of a great Fire on the Hearth; yet Fortune so favour'd us, that we found only an old Cook-Wench fast asleep; we did not disturb

her,

her, but by the help of a Dark Lanthorn, fell to Ransacking the House, and breaking open some Chests and Trunks, and Unlocking others, we soon found the Prize we Hunted after; but had scarcely deliver'd it through an Iron barr'd Window to our Confederates, but we heard the trampling of Horses, and voices of Men and Women, which made them scower, and us to hasten up the Chimney, but were disappointed of returning that way, by reason of the Ropes we slid down by, had, through Carelessness, taken Fire, and burnt a great way above our reach; we thereupon tryed the Doors, but found them all double-Lock'd, and the Keys taken away, nor would our false ones do us any Service; when to make surer work, we bolted them, least those that were abroad, having the Keys, should come suddenly upon us; and my Comrade taking off his Bears-Skin, clapped it about the Wenches shoulders as she slept, whilst I daubed her Face with Smut, and put a Cap with a pair of Horns on her Head: She was scarcely thus Accoutred, and we had planted our selves for escape, but we heard the Key turn, and after that a terrible knocking; when at last, the Wench starting up between sleep and wake, having, as we supposed, taken a Dose too much, stumbled to the Door with a Candle in her hand; but she had no sooner opened it, and made her dreadful appearance, ere the Master of the House and the Company he had brought home with him, being alighted from their Horses, cryed out, the Devil, the Devil; betaking them to their Heels, with such confusion, fright, and amazement, that not minding their Footing, some of them slipped and tumbled over each other, crying out for help; whilst the Wench, not knowing what had befallen her, being as much affrighted, fearing Belzebub was at her Arse with his Muck Fork, left the House, and run after them. During which Consternation, and the Up roar it occasioned, finding nothing to restrain us, we slipped out, and rubb'd away as fast as fear and speed would carry us, leaving only a Bears-

Skin-Cloak for the Cook Wench's Fee, in lieu of two hundred Pounds.

Being thus stored with Money, my Comrades were so kind as to give me ten Pounds for my share; with part of which I bought me a very handsom Suit, and all things answerable, with a Skeen, or *Irish* Rapier, and could not but fancy my self very Sparkish, taking a resolution to make a further progress in these Affairs, but fearing we were too near, and might be discovered, we removed to *Drogheda*, that being not only at a great distance, but a place so Populous, that we might easily find shelter; but by excessive Riot and Gaming, our Money lasted not long, but as it easily came, so it flew away; when being a little pinched, they urged me to discover my Mine in the Wood, but resolving, as I thought, to keep a Lag-stake, I dissimbled it as well as I could, but not so cunningly as I ought to have done, as in due place will appear.

Our Money being near spent, we were forced to beat our Brains for new Stratagems; and after some deliberation, a very odd one was pitch'd upon; and to bring it successfully about, they immediately purchased such Female Attire as they guessed would fit me, very Gay and Sumptuous: I could not a long while dive into the Project they were framing, but imagined they had some design to put a Trick upon me, and so leave me again in the Sudds; but it happened otherways, for it was projected to trappan an old miserable Usurer, who was want to travel the Road with a considerable Sum, but would never venture from one Town to another, but at such a time as Travellers were frequently upon the Road; we had notice from our Host (who always kept Correspondence on such occasions, to accomodate his Guest, and come in for a snak of the Booty) that he was in Town; and having him exactly described, we wanted not our Lesson, for that we had by heart; when having taken leave of our Host, and given him two Cobs for his Intelligence, we went the back-way, which brought us into a Wood about two Miles from the Town, the
fore-part

fore-part of it facing the Road; here I stripp'd and put on my Female Habit, advancing to the brink, where I could see all comers and goers at a distance; whilst my Comrades planted themselves in the obscurest Coverture. We had not waited long, before I perceived, amongst others, an old Fellow come riding a jogging pace; I gave my Companions notice, and one of them hastening to take a Prospekt, assured me it was the right Bird; and bidding me play my Part as became the Profession I had undertaken; when having him within ken, I rose from the Grassie Bank, where I lay as if I had just waked out of a slumber; and going up, desired with a low Courtesie, and much feigned Modesty, to speak a word or two with him. The old Blade wondering to see so young a Gentlewoman in so Rich a Garb strolling on the Road, readily listened to what I had to say; observing him attentive, I began with a long Preamble, That I was of a very good Family, and having been lately Married against my Fathers consent, he had, upon notice, caused me to be taken out of my Husbonds Arms; and Locked up in a Chamber, where I had been kept a Prisoner several Weeks; but Love to a Husband prevailing over Duty and Obedience to a Father, I had ventured the breaking my Neck to make my escape, by tying the Sheets to a Bar of a Window, and now was going to my Husbonds Relations, who lived at such a Town, thirty Miles off, where I doubted not to find or hear of him. This part of the Story made the old Blade begin to praise me for my kind affection towards my Husband, and condemn my Father for his rigorous separation; but when I proceeded to tell him, that escaping in such haste, I had brought neither Provision nor Moneys with me, and that if he would be pleased to lend me never so little to bear my Charges, though it might seem an odd Request from a Stranger, I would take care, so soon as I found my Husband, to return it him, where he would appoint, with considerable Interest; he then began to boggle, as not caring to part with his dear Mammon: However, I

pretending to have travelled fifteen Miles that day, and dissembling to be faint for want of sustenance, he alighted, and leading his Horse to the Wood-side, pulled out of a Wallet that hung before him, a Bottle of small Beer, and a Luncheon of Bread and Cheese, and sitting down upon the Grass, desired me to do the like, and partake of his Bounty; but I told him that place was not convenient, least any coming by in pursuit of me, I should be surprized and carried back to my Father, whom I well knew would then use me with more Rigor than ever; but if he would retire a little into the Wood that we might be out of sight, I should very thankfully participate with him; To this he consented, and led his Horse through a Gap, and it was my business to decoy him as far as I could from the Road. When we had eaten and drank a little, he fell to Kissing me very Amorously, demanding whether my Husband had enjoyed me, and how I liked the pleasure of Matrimony? To which I gave him suitable Answers; whereupon expressing an extraordinary passion, hugging me close in his Arms, proposed, if I would yield to his Embraces, not only to lend, but give me as much Money as would defray the Charges of my Journey: At which, I seemed to start and tremble, looking on him with wishful Eyes, demanding with what Face I could ever see my dear Husband, if I should wrong him in that nature? He replied, I was young, and understood not these Affairs, for that it was usual with Marry'd Ladies to distribute these favours to their Friends, that could never be misfed by their Husbands: For, continued he, if you light Torches, they diminish not the Flame of that which lights them; and so proceeded to read a Lecture in the first Chapter of Cuckoldom, to perswade me of its Lawfulness, or the little harm there was in it: By which, I perceived he was as Letcherous as Covetous: But perceiving me express much feigned Modesty, he grasped my Hands heard with one of his, and amidst a shower of Kisses, advanced the other to take up my Garments; whereat I Shriek'd, which was the Signal,

and

and out started my Companions, whose sight soon cool'd his Courage; so that loosing his hold, I started up and fled into the Wood, to prevent being thought a Confederate; whilst they Gagg'd him, bound his hands, and led him trembling into a more obscure Place; where ripping his Saddle-Collar, Wasteband of his Breeches, and rifling his Pockets, they found an hundred and twenty Pounds in Gold, and some small matter of Silver; and so having tied him to a Tree, and cut his Horse Girths and Bridle, they left him for the Wood Men to set at liberty the next Morning: This Exploit I so well managed, that it gained me much Reputation; and having changed my Habit, (for the Carriage of which we had a Bag purposely made) we Travelled twelve Miles before we Baited, at which Time the Sun was set.

After the former Exploit we lay close a while, as having notice there was a strict search in the Country, and so Lavishly we spent and bribed, for fear of being discovered by any of those about us that Time, which consumes all things, had wasted our Stock, and made us set our Wits a pumping for a fresh Supply, one of them remembered there was a Popish Chappel hard by, whether many of the bigotted Tribe went, in a manner like Pilgrims in Devotion; and it being now about *Easter*, we concluded the considerable Offerings of those that confessed, and came for Absolution, would amount to no small Sum; but how to come by them we were at a loss; but the Devil seldom fails to help his Servants out of a dead list, it presently came into my Head to go amongst others to Confession, being now of Competent years: but before I undertook it, they advis'd me to consult the Looking-Glass, to make screwed and sowre Faces, as the greater sign of my Repentance; I instantly obeyed, and brought my self into the Puritanical shape of a true Penitent; and going in a plain Country Garb, gotten for that purpose: After paying my Devoir, I gave my Attendance, till it came to my turn to be called in, at what time, making a few Cringes, and prostrating my self before

before my Father Confessor, I began, in a melancholly Tone, with feigned Sighs, and some forced Tears, to unboosome my self, telling him many frivolous Stories, as Whoring, Drinking, Murder, Fornication, Adultery, and other Frailties of my Youth; these he passed over very lightly, as Venial Sins, and not worthy noting; but when I came to banter him about what I at that time intended, *viz*, Feigning, that once at Confession the Devil prevailed with me to enterprise so great a Wickedness, as to Rob the Bag the Priest had at his Back: He fell a roaring out, that he could not Absolve so unpardonable a Crime, but that I deserved to go down to the Devil directly, without Hopes of Purgatory, Bail or Mainprize, without so much as calling by the way at Purgatory, stamping and starting like a Mad Man: but when he understood I had brought a larger Sum than usual, and informed by me it was the Money I had stolen, and other Moneys over and above, to offer his Reverence, for the better quiet of my Conscience, he calmed his Brows, and by degrees grew more moderate; so that, in fine, having laid open the nature and heinousness of the Fact, and admonish'd me that I should not, upon pain of never being prayed out of Purgatory, attempt the like, or so much as imagine it, he gave me Absolution, and directed me to put the Money I had brought into the Bag at his back; for these kind of Cattle pretending to renounce the World and worldly things, would seem to be so precise, that they would not see what they take: This I had heard before, and it proved as I could wish, having on purpose brought another Bag, of a good weight, filled with Rubbish and Trumpery; and amongst other things, a small Copy of Verses, which at the end of the Story I shall rehearse; I perceived by his composed temper, that although his Eyes were off, his mind was intent to hear the Pieces of Silver gingle, as he supposed, in the Bag, when indeed it was only in my hand: I fumbled a while, as if there appeared a difficulty of crowding them in, whilst the old Priest stood as still as

Balam's

Balam's Ass, with his Mouth at half a Cock, and the Whites of his Eyes turned up, tumbling his Beeds, and muttering like a Northern Witch over the Grave of a Horse-Courser: having made an Exchange without discovery, I took my leave, he sending his Benediction after me, till I was out of hearing, though I am confident he would sooner have accommodated me with a Halter, had he known at that time how dexterously I had bit him. The Verses which one of my Companions had written, and I doubt not but he found, were these.

*If, Father, seemingly the World you leave,
Shake Hands with Riches, only to deceive;
Then be not angry I your Bag did bite,
It is no sin to cheat the Hypocrite;
But if you really covet nothing more
Than Food and Rayment, and to help the Poor,
In this you nothing lost, but have your End,
For Need compell'd me, so I rest your Friend.*

We staid not in these parts to be informed whether we were Cursed with Bell, Book, and Candle, or what an extraordinary taking the Father was in, when he found himself out-witted and worsted at his own Weapons of Conzening.

CHAP. V.

How he and his Companions, under pretence of being the Guards, lead a Country Fellow into a Wood, and bubbled him of his Money; and going to an old Womans House, he had a Comical Adventure with her Daughter, together with their Entertainment, and other Comical Intraagues.

STroling the Country we came at length to a great Wood, called Balleboruley Wood, into which we entered to refresh our selves, there being few Houses in those parts in which we durst trust our selves; but

whilst we were making merry with our Snuff and *Aqua-vita* bottles, we heard some body come treading along, whereupon one of my Companions stepped out, and perceiving him to be a plain Country Fellow, well Habited, and the Coast altogether clear, he commanded him to come in and speak to the Captain of the Main-Guard: The Fellow who knew not what they meant by this, would have gone forward, but another stepping out brought him in by Force, when another of my Companions sitting on a stump of a Tree, very gravely demanded, whence he came, and whither he was going? The Fellow innocently told them, that he had been selling four Cows at such a Market, and was going home: My Comrade, whom we called Captain, seemed unsatisfied with this Answer, and told him, he rather believed that he came as a Spye in disguise, to betray the Camp to the Enemy; whereupon, not to be behind hand on my part, I started up and gave my Opinion to the same purpose, affirming, that the last time I was out upon a Party, I had seen him in the Enemies Quarters: This Language amazed the Fellow, that he knew not what to say; during his Consternation, our pretended Captain Commanded us to search him for Letters, by which a greater light might be had into the Discovery of his Intention: The Fellow being Conscious he had none, and not imagining what we drove at, seemed the willingest to submit; when I no sooner put my hand in his Pocket, but out I drew a Catskin Purse by the Ears, and falling to gingling the Money, cried, Here, here, noble Captain, here are the Letters this Rascal had the Impudence to deny his Charge; yet here is plain proof against him in the face of the Sun: The Fellow grew more amazed at this, crying out, he was sure that he had nothing in it, but the Money he had sold his Cows for; whereupon thrusting in my hand, and pulling out a Crown piece or two: See, Noble Captain, said I, the perfect stamp of the Seal, and the Supercription, pointing to the Effigies, and Letters about it, alledging, that if this Fellow went unpunished,

unpunished, after Appearing so palpably notorious, to be of the Enemies Party, and a Spye upon our Affairs, I knew not what to think of our Safety; the rest seconded me, whilst our pretended Captain, could hardly forbear bursting into Laughter, to see how simply the Fellow looked, falling into a fit of trembling and scenting the Place for fear; however, to drive on the Jest, my Conrades, as a little Court Martial, sitting in Council, after many severe Reprimands, condemned him to the Peg; that is to stand with one Leg, and Hand tyed up behind him, the other Foot upon a sharp stump on Tip toe, and the Hand tyed up by the Thumb or Wrist, as high as could be reached; nor would his falling on his Knees begging Mercy, and promising never to come this way again, avail him any thing, up he was trussed, and our Captain told him, it was well he scaped hanging, which Penalty, by the Law of Arms, as a Spye, he had incurred: Long had he not stood in this Antick Posture, making a hundred sowe Faces, e'er he was let down, and turned out by our Captain's Command, who admonished him to have a care for the future, how he came to spye upon the Main Guard, or bring any more Letters about him, as he tendered Hanging, without Bail or Mainprize: To which honest Darby, being got at some distance, taking Courage, replied, You say you are the Main Guards, but in my Soul and Conscience I believe you are no other than a pack of Thieves; whereupon he fell a running from his Money, as if the Devil had been in his Arle with a Whirl-Wind to drive him on. Having by the means aforesaid gotten five Pounds, and well refreshed our selves, we crossed the Wood, and likewise the Country, and for a frolick plundering a Coney-Warren by the way, we got two or three couple of Rabbits, and going to a little blind Ale-House out of the Road, had some of them dressed for our Supper, of the rest I proposed to make a greater Advantage: Supper ended, we desired our Landlady to shew us to our Lodging, which happening upon the same floor with the Kitchen, Parlour, and

Dramg.

Dining-Room, for indeed our House consisted but of one Storie, we found instead of Feathers and Flocks, a great bundle of Reeds and Rushes lightly spread, over which was thrown a course Canvass, and over that an *Irish Brathan* or Plad; my Comrades at sight of this Dormitory, began to complain, and peremptorily except against it, which made my Landlady Snuff, swearing by St. *Patrick's* Shoe buckle, that she believed there was not a better Bed within ten Miles of the Place, so that not further to disparage my Hostess's Household Goods, down we lay, and immediately in came my Hostess and her Daughter, and Piggied in the next Barnack or Partition: This Wench being about fifteen years of Age, and indifferently handsome, I had seriously Eyed, and by the return of Glances with Interest, supposed her wonderous coming: These thoughts kept me waking, and run so strangely in my mind, that I resolved to make an Essay: so watching my Companions asleep, and hearing the old Woman beat a thundering March of Snoring, I stole from my Companions, who weary with their Ramble, and the Fatigue of the Day, were fast locked in *Morpheus's* leaden Arms, and creeping forward as softly as if I had trodden on Eggs when thinking I had been at my Mistress's Bedside, I lifted up my Leg to step in, and suddenly setting it down, I found my self almost to the Knee in a Porridge-Pot of hot Wash, when through surprize and Pain, stumbling forward, I fell upon a great Sow, that lay in of a Litter of Pigs; for it seems, not having taken a true Measure, I had rambled a Partition too far, being the next beyond what I aimed at: The Beast not being used to be thus accosted, took it as an Affront, and after a grunt or two, her Sow ship up with her Shout, and gave me a damn'd slap on the Face, that set my Nose a bleeding, and suddenly rising, threw me off amongst her grunting Cheats, who fell to squeeking, whilst their Dam renewed her fit of grunting, and nuzzling in my Breech, as if she had longed for my Codlings, This noise waked my Hostess and her Daughter, who thinking we had

had a design to bereave her of Part of her Family, to make Roast Meat at our next Stage, leaped out of their Lodging stark naked, and came running to prevent the Plot we might have on her Swine; at which time being about to get up, the Daughter, for want of precaution, stumbled, as I had done, and beating me down again, fell into my Arms, where we tumbled and rouled, in a kind of an odd dance to the Swinish Musick that saluted our Ears on every side: I soon found by the Mark her Mother had given her, I had the right Game, and having collected my scattered Senses, was going to teach her a natural Jigg, when I found my self strangely prevented, by the old Woman dragging me at the Heels, and crying out Thieves and Murther; which hubbub waking my Companions, and they imagining no less than a band of Tories had entered our Thatched Tenement, started up and struck a Light; at first they knew not what to think, seeing me all bloody, as likewise my young Mistress, to whom I communicated it by smuggling her Phisognomy; but imagtning the old Beldam, and her Daughter attempted to Cut my Throat, they seized my Grannum, and threatned immediately to hang her; this Menace put her into a fit of trembling, when falling on her Knees, she begged them to save her Life, and take all her Pigs. Whilst she continued in this Posture, the Light and Presence of my Companions put me to such a Blush and Confusion, that in spite of my Confidence I quitted my naked Prize, and starting up, assured them I had received no great damage, requiring them not to use my Hostess roughly; and thereupon proceeded to give them a Relation of the whole Adventure, which changed their Anger into a fit of Laughter; and the old Woman, who before dreamt of nothing more, than that we came to ruin her, began to take heart; and by this Time Day Appearing, dispelled those shadows of fear that frequently render'd the Night terrible to timorous Souls. And mine Hostess being assured we intended no damage, so far reconciled her Daughter,

Daughter, that laying aside her Anger, and recovering the Confusion I had put her in, I soon found I might possess with Consent, what I attempted to take by stealth; though, like a Lass of the Profession, she would not be brought to Sin and Seal before she saw the Ready down, valuing the Bargain at three Cobs, a Sum that, perhaps, might have purchased the Cottage, had I designed to be a Free-holder, and chaffered with the Landlord about the Premises; Whilst we continued in this House, finding mine Hostess very pleasant, we quickly dived into the knowledge of her having been an old Sinner, in the Days of her Youth, which made me, who had not as yet the leisure to learn her Tricks and Rogueries, especially practised upon my Countrymen, the more inquisitive to be informed; when to drive away the idle moments, we agreed to hear what she could say in that point.

CHAP. VI.

How, continuing at the old Womans Cottage, after some Observations, she made them a Recital of her Birth; the Profession and untimely death of her Parents; How she sisted in her younger Years, and the comical Trick she served a Popish Priest that had a Plot upon her Virginity; and cheated an old Blade of an hundred Pounds, who would have had her passed for his Wife at an Inn; and set up for her self at Cork. The pleasant Adventure of a Fryar and a black Ram, that was taken for the Devil: with the Relation of her Marriage; putting a Trick upon a Pedlar; the Tragical End of her Husband; and other matters.

MINE Hostess had by this Time recruited her Snuff-Bowman; *Usquebaugh-Bottle*, with the help of two Happers, or *Irish Shillings*, we had given for our Night Entertainment, (for the *Irish* are so naturally Mistrustful, that they have no Faith of this kind, longer than an Inch of Candle, perswading you for a Complement,

Complément, you can never sleep well if you lye down in their Debt; and indeed, it may prove very dangerous to be under their Roof, and not to make even) whereupon placing our selves about the best Table in the House, which consisted of a Hurdle laid upon the Head of a Tubb, and covered with our Night Rugg, we fell to Discourse of various Matters; and coming to a point, mine Hostess resolving to bear a bob, proceeded to give an Account of the following Transactions.

My Mother, said she, following the Camp in the Grand Rebellion of 1640, when the Massacred Protestants Fat served for Consecrated Candles to Light the Shrines of the Popish Saints, was forced to leave my Father, who, it seems, was a Soldier of Fortune; by reason of the Pangs that on a sudden constrained her to disburthen her self of me in a Hovel, and from that Time heard no more of him, than, that attempting to Rob a Church, he had the strange Fortune in his Clambering, to fall and break his Neck. I was scarce Ten Years of Age, continued she, but my Mother, as she was at her old Trade, Plundering a Soldier, struggling for Life, by Reason of the Wounds he received in Battle, was Shot by his Combrade whilst her Hand was in his Pocket. She being sent of an Errand unto the other World in the very Fact, reduced me to many ill conveniencies; however, coming of a shuffling Stock, I herded amongst such as followed the ragged Regiments in Nature of Laundresses, though more properly termed the Female black-Guard; till at last growing somewhat Ripe, and Lodging at an Inn, an Irish Priest cast his Eyes upon me, and strangely coveted something I had under my Apron, to allay his burning Zeal for the Petticoat: Young as I was, Ignorance had not so much possessed me, but I perceived what he would be at, and resolved to make the best of my Markers; I found I had taken the right Measure, for the more I stood off the more he pursued; which put me upon a Design to shew him a Trick for his Learning; I no sooner had
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got out of him what Money and Presents he was capable or willing to bestow, but seeming to comply with his Devotion to *Venus*, though pretending, as himself did, to be wondrous nice of my Reputation, I proposed a secret Conveniency at the House where I had taken up Quarters; and espying, as I could wish, a Way to trap him, I resolved to prepare against his coming, which was to be the Back-way in the dusk of the Evening; therefore finding an old Trap-door, that served us a Cover to a noisom Jakes, and by which Conveniency they were wont to empty it: I set it so gingerly, that the least Tread would cant it like a Pitfall; it happened to be in a back Room, where I had directed my Priest to take me in his Arms, at a certain Hour: he failed not to come, and well knowing the Place, as being a near Neighbour, and seeing me by the Glimmering of the Moon, began to power out many amorous Expressions as he came towards me, but the Tune was presently turned, for he no sooner set his Foot upon the Decoy, but down he dropt, and sunk into the Filth to the Armpits, crying out in a melancholy Tone to all the Saints of his Acquaintance both Male and Female to deliver him. The Noise he made alarm'd the House, which obliged me to sneak to my Chamber, for fear the Intreigue should be discovered: With much Difficulty they drew him out in a Pickle that scented the whole House; and demanding how he came thither; he was not in such a Confusion, but to save his Bacon, he had a Lye at his Tongue's End: declaring with uplifted Hands, that being at his Study the Devil appear'd to him in the Form of St. *Bridget*, and would have tempted him to have done he scarce knew what; but defying the Allurements of the Tempter, and discovering the Delusion, by casting his Eyes on his Cloven Foot, he fell to exorcise him, in cuffing him about the Ears with his Beads and Crucifix: but the grand Deceiver finding he had no Holy Water, grew bold, and slighting all other Antidotes, suddenly changing into his dreadful shape, hoisted him on his Back, and brought him

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to this Place, St *Patrick* not giving him Power of further *Mitchief*. This Story was credited by the ignorant *Irish*, and the next Day spread about with Wonder and fear, yet could it scarce make me refrain Laughing aloud; but doubting the Worst, I stifled it as much as possible; and whilst they were scrubbing the good Father in the Horse-Pound to sweeten him, I packed up my Luggage, and resolved to be trudging as soon as it was Day-light.

Morning come, I pay'd my shot, and took leave, not thinking it worth staying to hear the Complaints and Excuses my Lover would have made me, for his Disappointment and Misfortune, at our next meeting: And being weary of following the Camp, I resolved to take other Measures; when being on the Road in an indifferent Habit (a Soldier I laundryed for, who had stripped a young Gentlewoman some Days before, at the Plundering her House, had given me, as a Recompence of the Service I had done him) an old bluff Fellow seriously ey'd me, and often passing, would make a Stop upon some frivolous Occasion, till I came up with him; he was pretty well mounted, which made me suspect his Intentions, thinking he might have a Design to take the little I had, but afterwards found he was infected with the same Disease the Priest had been; for seeing me appear to be weary, which I counterfeited, the better to be rid of him, he came up and began to scrape Acquaintance, protesting he verily believ'd he formerly knew me; and had no sooner learned my Name, but expressing an extraordinary satisfaction in seeing me. he proceeded to assure me, he was my Godfather: I knew he lyed, for I never was named, otherways than as they use Puppies; yet willing to see what this Adventure might tend to, I gave him his saying, and seemed to comply so long, that he entreated me to get up behind him; and that being done, the few People that appeared by the Road, gave him Liberty to discourse very amoroously; and the better to encourage a Compliance, told me, he had an hundred Pounds in his Cloak bag, and if at
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the next Stage I would pass for his Wife, and take up with him for that Night's Lodging, he would liberally satisfy me for the Enjoyment. At this I bogg'd, and pretended abundance of Modesty, desiring often to be set down, alledging, my Journey lay another way; by this I screw'd him to a higher Pitch of Desire; when to be brief, having wrought him as I wish'd, I seemingly complied, and by that Time we came to the designed Inn, Day had given Place to the Shades, but Nights being long, we had time enough to have a plentiful Supper prepared, whilst the old Blade in a manner devoured me with his Eyes, and impressed many burning Kisses on my Lips, thinking each Moment an Hour till he had me in his Arms; his often calling me Wife, and my ready answering, took away all Suspicion from the People of the House, that we had Occasion for any more than one Bed, which being prepared, up we went; I entreated him to go in first, that before I undressed I might put out the Candle to save my Blushes; to this he consented; but then I, who had lay'd the Plot before, started another Delay, *viz.* That having not supposed to have gone so far beyond the House of a Couzen I designed to visit, I had brought no Night-Cloaths with me, I must now go down and borrow a Suit of my Landlady. He told me it needed not, and urged me to hasten me to Bed: But I gave so many Reasons for it, as, spoiling those Headgeer I had on, catching Cold, and the like, that I prevailed; and going to the Inn-keeper, and after begging his Pardon, that my forgetfulness had given the trouble, desired him to let me have my Husband's Cloak-bag, in which my Night-Cloaths were: He scrupled not to do it, and taking it aside, whilst he was called about other Business, I took out what Money I found, and clapped in a couple of Brick-bats I had purposely provided, the Beads Weight might not appear to be lessened, tyed it up, and re-delivered it; when making as if I would go to the Bogg House, which stood at the lower end of the Yard, I bid my new Husband goodnight, and

and left him to enjoy me in Imagination. Got off with this Booty, which I stay'd not to count, but knew to be considerable; the Desire of keeping it, added Wings to my Feet, though somewhat weary with the Fatigue of the Day, so that taking the Woods and By ways, I was freed from surprise, by that time the Sun had gilded the Earth with its Beams; how the Inn-keeper and his Guest disputed the Matter when it came to be discovered, I know not, for I thought it not safe to be too inquisitive, but made away to *Cork*, which was the next great Town, as hoping there to continue in Safety, the Villages and lesser Towns being continually pester'd with Soldiers, and the more Theevish Sort of *Irish*; and taking a small Apartment, set up an *Aqua-vita*-Shop, selling likewise Tobacco and Snuff; so that being a young brisk Wench, I had Store of Customers, not so much for my Liquor, as to Court me; but I kept them at Staves-end, and by that Means got Considerable Gain, by their resort, making my self marry with their awkward Courtship, and the many screwed Faces they made when at any time I gave them a Repulse; and more especially, to see how much their Money flew about to regain my Favour, when they supposed me angry and out of Humour: and thus I continued for the Space of ten Years, getting very considerably; during which time, many Adventures happened, though not very pertinent to my Affairs, yet one for Merriment's Sake, may not be taken amiss.

It so fell out, having enlarged my House with my Trade, that as some Drovers of Sheep were passing through the Street in the Evening, a black Ram fell into my Celler at the Out Trap door, when sending a Boy I kept, down stairs for some Liquor, my House being full of Customers, and especially of those who pretended Love to me, he came running up quite breathless, stumbling once or twice by the Way; and being asked the Reason of this Disorder, he with much abrupt stammering, his Hair standing up an end, assured us, that the Devil was below, for he knew him
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by-Saucer-Eyes and Cloven Feet. This Discourse, though I could not well credit it, put us all into a Consternation; so that many who had the Reputation of being valiant, betook them to their Heels, or sneaked out of Doors; but others, thinking to gain my Favour by standing to it, began to bluster like *Rhodamantibus* in Hell, defying *Lucifer* and all his Angels, and catching up such Weapons as came next to Hand, were advancing to charge him, when a *Franciscan* Fryer, who came as a Spokes man for one of my Inamorettoes, and perhaps to tie the Knot, if Consent had been given, perswaded them to desist, telling them, that carnal Weapons were in vain in such Cases, and that he would undertake to Lay him, or put him to Flight, if not bind him in the Red-Sea, that he should never trouble the House for the Future. This grave Advice being hearken'd to, abated the Courage and Fury of my pretending *Hero's*, and it was agreed on all Hands, that the Holy Father should undertake the buffering of the supposed Satan; whereupon away he trudged for his Pot of Holy-Water, bundle of Relicks, and other Things; and returning with them and his Mass Book, gravely began to proceed to his Exorcisms, gradually descending the Steps, whilst the rest by his Command, stood on the top to expect the event, but upon his sudden falling into a fit of Singing Mass, and calling upon the Arch-Angel *Michael* to bring his two edged Sword and hew him to Pieces, the Ram, who at Sight of the Light was got into a Corner, came forth, and advanced to meet him. The Fryar, who beheld his shining Eyes and gloomy Shape, with Horns, and that all he had said availed e'en just nothing, at his last expedient, to sprinkling him with Holy-Water; which so incens'd the Ram, to find himself christened and doused at such a rate, that retiring to fetch a stronger Career, he came full but at him, and overthrew the poor Fryar, with all his Trinkets; however, scrambling up, and thinking to run up Stairs, a Tender-hook in one of the Posts catch'd hold of his Habit; whereupon, the Can-
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Candle being out, and the Ram continuing to punch his Breech with his Horns, he bawled out in a lamentable Tone for help, crying, He has me, he has me: Upon which, those that stood above concluded no less, than *Belzebub* had clutch'd him, and was bringing him up on a Pick-back; so that being abandoned of the little Courage they possessed, throwing down their Weapons, they fell to running in such confusion, that the foremost stumbling, the rest fell over him, and all in a heap lay scrambling together, till such time as some got up, and others crawled out of Doors; when the Fryer, who by much struggling, had broke loose, came running after them. the Ram pursuing him close at the Heels, and Butting. till all his Guts were in his Breeches. At first indeed, not knowing what the matter might be, I must confess, I was a little scared; but being better informed by my sight, I soon turned my fear into Laughter, and had enough to banter my Sparks with for the future; and the business being noised about, the Fryar was so ashamed, that he kept close, and appeared not in many Months; however, by the spreading of this Adventure, the Owner came to hear of the Ram, and rid us of the fancied *Demon*.

It happened a short Time after this, that a young Spark who had frequented my House, came with some Friends to be merry, and amongst them was one he called Sister, who appeared to me no other than a well-bred young Gentlewoman. They drank indifferently hard, and towards Night, the extraordinary Rain that fell, gave an Excuse for their longer Stay: It growing late, my Customer desired to know what Lodging I had: I told him, none but what I lay in my self, that was fit for Entertainment. This hit as they wished; and hereupon his pretended Sister feigning her self not well, he desired she might be my Bed-fellow, and that he and his Companions would make a Shift to get home. I consented to this with much Readiness, and all things prepared, to bed we went, and after some little Discourse, I fell asleep; but my
Bed-fellow's

Bed-fellow's Thoughts were otherways imploy'd, for being suddenly awaked by Embraces and Kisses, I found my self mistaken in the Sex; at which I began to cry out, but was so far intangled and so much hindered by the Force and Perswasion of this Metamorphos'd Gentlewoman, that, though it seems the Brother was tricked upon me instead of the Sister, I knew not what to think, seeing I had freely consented to give the Entertainment, and he promising to marry me the next Morning, with many Protestations of intire Love, and discovering himself to be one of my former Suitors (though the Disguise hid him from my Remembrance) that I had had a little kindness for; I was at last contented to acquiesce, and make the best of my Fortune, and the next Morning thought fit to give him a Lawful Possession of that he so cunningly contrived to pyrate: However, this Adventure not being kept Secret, as being in two many Breasts, it occasioned much Discourse; and I being marry'd, our Trade fell off; for my head Customers having lost their Hopes of possessing me, resolved to keep their Money; so that my Husband spending lavishly, our Stock visibly decayed; when to keep up his Reputation, he propos'd to go on the Road: I was a great while averse to it, but finding Necessity compelled, at last I yielded; and having as yet no Children. I thought I might venture to get a Penny, at home my Husband should not know of, if I could light of good Customers; I had, amongst others, a Pedler, or *Scotch* Merchant, that carry'd considerable Wares, and I found by his leering and constantly fixing his Eyes on mme, that he had a mind to be chaffering for another Sort of Commodity than *Usquebaugh*; and in fine, I conjectured right, for we came to a Bargain for a considerable Quantity of Ells of *Holland* and other Things; and to be plain, he had what he agreed for; but the next Day repenting so dear purchase, he came (my Husband being at home) and demanded Money for his Cloath, and other Business I had chosen. This unexpected Dun vexed me to the very Heart, but to dis-

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cover upon what Account I had them, I durst not; and thereupon my Husband asking whether I had the Things he mentioned? I told him I had; but told him, I only took them to see whether he would approve I should buy them. To which he reply'd, he did not approve it, for that he had not Money to spare. Why then, said I, he shall have them again if he will not trust. To which the Pedler reply'd, he would not. Resolving however, to be revenged, I wrapped them up, and in them a small Ball of Flax, wherein I clapped the Snuff of a Candle so dexterously, that it was not perceived; and upon delivering them, whisper'd him softly in the Ear, and told him, he had better have stood to his Word: but he glad, as he thought, to have thus over-reach'd me, pack'd them amongst the rest, and went away Laughing.

He got not a Mile out of the Town, before his Pack fell a smoaking, and presently, to the Amazement of the Spectators, burst into a Flame, which forcing him, for fear of being martyr'd, to throw it down; it immediately consumed to Ashes. My last Words made him suspect I had contriv'd this Stratagem to destroy all, in Revenge of his taking away Part; and thereupon he came back with a grievous Complaint; at which I could not forbear Laughing, till I so far incens'd him, that he, thinking that Way to be reveng'd, proceeded to give my Husband a Relation of the Kindness I had shewed him; which Rashness proved fatal to both: For my Spouse supposing he had framed this Story to scandalize me, he, after many Reproaches, drew his Skeen, and the other making Opposition, after many Passes, he run him through: We were thereupon seized and committed to Goal, and the following Affizes being Tryed, I was acquitted; but my Husband, for this and other things that came in against him about his Highway proceedings, was Sentenced and Hanged, & all that we had was *confiscated*; insomuch that I now began to think illgotten Goods could not prosper; wherefore being at liberty, with some small matter I had saved, I came
and

and seated my self in this Place to pick up a poor Livelihood; and here I was delivered of the Daughter you see, doubtfull to determine, whether my Husband or the Pedlers.

The old Woman having thus far Spun out the Thread of her Discourse, and taking a tip between whiles, at last fell asleep, as did my Companions; of which the Daughter and I taking the Advantage, as young Lovers usually do on all occasions, resolved to visit a little Cockloft, and see how the Rats played there; the Stair-case that went up, was an old parcel of Rack-Staves, and the Flooring Rotten Hurdles: We no sooner here began to be Frolicksome, but the whole Frame sunk under us, and down we came Rattling (like Thunder-bolts through a Watery Cloud) upon the Heads of my Hostess and Companions, who were in a manner buried in the Ruins of the Wooden Superstructure; the old Woman lying under the Rafter, began to Cackle for Breath, and the rest had much ado to Free themselves: My Mistress was pitched with her Heels upward, for it seems her Tail was the lightest, and so baracado'd by Hurdles, that I had much ado to get her out and set her upon her Right end; but that which vexed us most, all the Snuff and Liquor was destroyed.

C H A P. VII.

How, leaving the old Woman's House, they robbed an old Blade by a Stratagem of buying Rabbits, and attempting to change the Gold, were apprehended and imprisoned: The Thoughts they had about their Escape; and being condemn'd to dye, how, by an extraordinary Stratagem, in frightful Shapes, they made their Escapes. How three of his Companions, after a desperate Resistance, were retaken, and hang'd the Day of their retaking: With the remarkable Particulars of the Circumstances attending these extraordinary Adventures.

THE Downfal of our upper Storie having given no small Alarm to the Lower, which for the Distance, might be compared to an old Woman's Nose from her Lips, when her Teeth are marched before to put her in Mind of Mortality; we thought it Time to leave our Tabernacle of Clay and Straw, to subsist on its slender Supporters of Wood, least the next Gust of Wind should have thrown it about our Ears; and solemnly taking leave of our Landlady, but more especially of her Daughter, who being a pretty fresh plump Lass, I was the most loath to part withal; nor did she dismiss me without Tears in her Eyes: We resolved to Ramble in search of better Fortune, and I remembering the Conies we had stole, which by this Time were in no Condition for Sale in a Market, took two of them against the Mind of my Companions; though finding my Project hit to the Purpose, they afterwards applauded my Ingenuity.

We had not travel'd far through a Coppice, and got to a little Road-side, ere I espyed a curmudgeon Fellow snudging along at a Distance; I soon acquainted them the Time was come I intended to set my Rabbits to sale at a valuable Rate, and told them the Measures I would take; at which they heartily laughed, yet promised to act their Parts in the Comedy: Whereupon I desired them to step into the Wood by which he was to pass; and having hung my Ware on a Hedge-stake dangling at my Back, went to meet him, and desired, upon our first greeting, to know if he had Occasion for a couple of Conies? when with a frowning Countenance, as seeming affronted to be so accosted, he replied, no; for, as I afterwards understood, he was an old Usurer, and though exceeding rich, stinted his Gut, through Covetousness, beneath the Degree of such Delicates. I still followed him, and urged he would become my Chapman, till I put him into such a Degree of Passion, that he turned about and vowed to break my Head if I further importuned him, giving me the reproachful Epithets of Villain,

ain, and sawcy Rascal: Whereupon, one of my Comrades stepping from his Coverture, demanded the Occasion of our hot Dispute: The old Blade thinking him an absolute Stranger, began to tell him how impudently I had intruded on him: At which my Comrade seeming to take his Part, fell to canning me; which wonderfully pleased the old Dad, though his Joy in my imaginary Sufferings lasted but a few Moments; for he was no sooner trained into the Ambush, but out came the rest, and inquiring likewise into the Matter, siding with me, swore he should buy them: But after a long Refusal, finding no nay would serve the turn, he demanded the Price; which was set at all the Money in his Pockets, and we had it, though with much Reluctancy to do it, and turned him adrift forty Pieces of Gold lighter than we found him, to make the best of his Markets; though like an old Fox, he afterwards bit sure, to the hampering my Companions in Hempen Casements; for being straitned in our Rambles by the Expence of our Silver and Gold, not easily to be changed in this Country, the whole Stock of a Village in some Places, not being capable to change two Pieces, we unadvisedly were wished to the Party who had purchased our Merchandize against his Will; he knowing his beloved Treasure by a secret Mark, and forgetting our first Sight, called for a fiery-fac'd Fellow with a painted Staff, terrible to us at that Time, as the first begotten of *Belzebub*, who summoning the Rabble, scarce gave us time to breathe e're we were dragged before Mr. Justice; and notwithstanding we alledged a fair Bargain, it availed us nothing, but the sooner procuring our *Mittimus*; the Robbery, beside the Attestation of our Antagonist, be taken *pro Confessio*, and we new suited in Stone Doublets and Breeches.

Being shopped in strong Durance, we began to sing *Lacrima*, looking pittisfully upon each other; yet considering it was no Time to trifle, we set our Brains a-work how we might escape and reserve our selves to a better Fortune: Many things we cast in our Minds,

but

but they all appeared with Faces of Difficulty and Danger; sometimes we were for firing the Prison, and venturing at one Lot in a hundred on the Cast, so we might save our Stake; but fear of missing it, and involving others who never injured, in the dismal Effect of such a Conflagration, made us set it aside; but the Assizes coming on, and we convicted, without Hope of Reprieve, the Terror of approaching Death after Sentence passed, wrought strange Disorders in our Minds, and made us accuse each other of Rashness and Indiscretion, in this last Enterprize, but especially, they fell foul on me who projected it; however, knowing we had but a little Time, whilst those that visited us to prepare us for another World, laboured to make us spend it to the Advantage of a future State, we were improving of it, for a Continuation of the present; but when we began to despair, and were almost at our Wits end, I stumbled upon a Contrivance for our Escapes, which my Companions highly approved: It so happened before we came hither Tenants for Life, a Fellow who robbed and murdered his Master, out of the Horror of Guilt and Dispair, had hanged himself on a Spike in the Place where we were lodged, and there had been a Whispering amongst the Prisoners, that his Ghost walked; some, whose sickly Fancies represented every thing terrible in so dismal a Habitation, affirmed, they were dragged about by the Leggs in the Night-time; and that they had, moreover, heard dreadful Shrieks and Groans, and had been beaten down as it were, with sudden Blasts of Wind. This Opinion we laboured to increase, affirming, not only to have heard and felt the like, but to have seen frightful Apparitions; and sending for the Sister of one of my Comrades, that had been instrumental in my former Deliverance, she brought us Materials to loosen our Fetters, with what else was for our purpose; and appearing very gay, passed and repassed, without Suspicion. The Night before the Day we were to be executed, we expected our Keeper, as is usual, to bring us Word; when in the mean while, with Pieces of

Charcole and Oaker, we had drawn on the Walls divers fearful Shapes of Devils, Ghosts and Spectres; and boring Holes in the Wall, put little Quills of Brimstone and Wild fire in the Places of their Mouths and Hands, or Paws, priming them with a Train, that at the least Touch, they would all take Fire together. And having put our selves into strange Habits, made of painted Canvas, striped over our other Cloaths, and Caps that had Horns of strange Fashions fixed on them, in various Postures; we dipped our Handkerchiefs in *Aqua-vitæ*, and loosely hung them about our Heads, filling our Mouths with Toe, and in it wrapped a small Coal of Fire, which at the least Puff, would make us belch Flame, like *Caucasus*, when he descended from the Mountains in a Tempest of Fire, and escaped the Fury of *Hercules*. We were no sooner thus accoutered, and the Dusk of the Evening come, but as we expected and earnestly wished, our Goaler came to bring us the dismal Tydings, that we were the following Day to be laid up in the Repositories of the Dead till the Resurrection; we no sooner heard the Key begin to turn in the Wards, but every Man got to his Post, having with the Flower of Brimstone already made our Candles burn exceeding blew, giving a very imperfect Light, and no sooner had he entered, but our Linnen Headgeer, by Reason of the Strength of the Spirits they were dipped in, having taken with a Touch, all our Heads seemed flaming like Beacons, whilst we fell to vomiting Fire as fast, and immediately our Train being touched, discovered a more dismal Scene, every thing seemed a Hell of Horror to our Goaler, whilst Clouds of Fire and Smoak rowled about him, and so many ghastly Apparitions, as his Imagination represented to be no less than Infernal Spirits, so chilled his Soul with Fear and Amazement, that though he attempted to cry out, he had not the Power, but casting himself upon his Face, gave us the Opportunity to seize the Keys, and make our Escapes; but Time discovering the Stratagem, we had Notice that great Search was made in
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all Parts to reprice us, so that we left the high Roads, and got into a Wood, where we covered our selves with Boughs, and lay snug all that Day, in hopes the Heat of the Pursuit would be over; but in the Evening it was propos'd we should go to some House to refresh our selves, and some of them remembered one at a little Distance, where they had formerly been kindly entertained; but althoug Hunger pinch'd me severely, and our She-Friend knew not where to find us, otherwise, perhaps, she would at any hazzard have supplied us; the Fear of being retaken made me hang back; however, three resolv'd to go, and with the little Money they had, made as merry as Men in their Circumstances could do, till Morning; but then, whether in their Cups they had too freely discours'd, or trusted the Secret too far, they were mortally surpriz'd with an extraordinary thundering at the Gates: and looking out at their Chamber Windows, they soon found the Cause of their Fear was just for the House was beset on all Sides, which gave them no time to consider, but seizing on such Arms as first came to Hand, they resolv'd to stand for their Lives, and fought courageously, desperately disputing the Entrance; but the Number of their Pursuers increasing, and their Barrocade of Tables and Stools, to which they retreated, being forced, they flew to the higher Stories, where one of them leaping out at the Window into the Moat, got over, but the Country being up, he was hotly pursu'd with Clubs, Forks, Rakes, and other rustick Weapons; yet running with great force, he outstripp'd them very much, but not able to hold it, he got into a bushy Field, thinking there to rest him, but found his Pursuers were still upon the full Scent, and within a Quarter of an Hour had invironed him; when, as a Hare at her last Shift, after many Doublings, he betook him to a River, and carrying his naked Sword between his Teeth, swam to a little Island, and there had Time to rest till they got Boats. at whose Approach, he defended the Place manfully, so that five or six were wounded in attempting to Land, but

in the End, they forced him again to take the River, where seeing they could not otherwise take him, they gave him several Stroaks with their Oars on the Head, which stunning him, they drew him up very much wounded, the other two were likewise mortally wounded, one in a Manner dead, by desperately throwing himself out at a Three-Story Casement; whereupon the Execution was hastened, and they that Morning tyed up from their Meat for ever: And thus (as it was afterwards related to us) ended our three Companions their wretched Lives.

C H A P. VIII.

How he dismiss his fourth Companion, and upon what Considerations he left him; and going in Search of his hidden Treasure, was maimed by a Fox: His fruitless Search, and Journey to Kingsale, in order to leave the Country: His ingenious Project to pick the Pocket of an Astrologer, and imbarquing for Spain: The Description he gives of a Storm; and other things that occured after his Embarquement,

HAVING had the Luck to escape the Danger that threatned my Neck with an everlasting Cravat-string, I resolved for the future, to be more wary; and fearing notwithstanding, I might be one time or other taken, I set up a Resolution, if possible I could get away, not to trust my self longer in the Kingdom; communicating as much to my Companion; who seemed as loath, as I was willing, to leave it; having, as he told me, considerable Relations, whom by his lewd Courses he had disoblged; but the Terror of the last Example had convinced him, it was best to take up in Time; and by reconciling himself, if possible, to take other Measures. Though I could not well disapprove his Maxim, yet I was constrained to lay before him the Hazard he might run, if he should at any Time be discovered, by one of those he had robbed; and that the greatest Security he could propose,

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was, to put it beyond the Reach of Danger: But he proved deaf to all I said; and so taking a dear farewell over a Noggin or two, in an old thatch'd Hovel by the Wood-side, we parted.

Being left to my self, and free to ramble whither I pleased without controul, I began to think of my hidden Treasure, my Stock being otherways reduced to a low Ebb; and knowing the Place, steered my Course that Way, still fixing my mind on the Palladium of my Hope; and to drive away Melancholly, set my Pipes to the Tune of,

*With no other Saint will I now make a League,
Since good St. Patrick is kind to poor Teague:*

*O me Shoul, he's my Kinsman, what then need I fear,
(Our Country's Protector) then cast away Care,
And ramble the World to discover yet more;
'Tis only the Sluggard that's doom'd to be poor.*

*He that dares boldly through all Dangers drive,
Braves Fate, and courts Fortune; 'tis he that must
thrive:*

*Tis at last but to dye, and to sit in the Grave,
And Death hits the Coward, as soon as the Brave.
He, who in all Fortunes no Difference feels,
Triumphantly Chains her to his Chariot Wheels;*

*Roules upon thoughts that are Noble and Great,
And his own Contentment can ever create,
Then Teague take good Heart, for when Fortune does
frown,*

*It sharpens the Wit, and bold Actions does Crown:
To roam and to range, let the World be thy Stage;
He's counted the wisest, that Rambles an Age.*

Thus chearing up, by the way, I at last came within Sight of the Place where my Treasure lay; and drawing nearer, after some impatient Search, I came to the Root of the Tree where (by all the Marks I could charge my Memory with, I had stowed my Cargo; but was struck with a sudden Damp, to see the Hole open; so that casting my Arms across, I stood

in a profound Melancholly for a Time; yet resolving not to give over, I down'd on my Marrow-bones, and thrust in my Arm, where the first Salute was a Bite, that took off the Top of my Fore-finger, at least half an Inch, and obliged me suddenly to draw back my Hand, as thinking the Devil kenelled there, and that I might be devoured alive at this Kate: But I was soon convinced, by the rushing out of a great Fox, whose speed gave me no Time to correct him for his Incivility; When I had torn some of my Linnen, and bound up my Wound, that bled and smarted extremely, I resolved to make another Essay, but to no Purpose; for although I searched other Places as well as this, and left no Corner, where I thought it might be, unprobed, I was never the wiser; but after near a whole Day spent in quest of my hidden Utensils, &c. I found my self obliged to give over, and verily conceiving I was right in the Place where the Fox started, I could not but conjecture, that my female Deliverer, under whose Coats I the first Time had made my Escape out of Prison, had gathered so much from the Words I let fall about it, though no Importunity or Wheedle could prevail with me to go and shew it them; that being acquainted with the Wood, she had made it her Prize, and consequently the Price of my Deliverance; for I well considered, as has before been hinted, that that was the Motive that induced them to regard my Safety; though afterwards, finding me for their Turn, they dissembled it: However the Business went, I was put again to my Straights, having no more Subsistence in Prospect, than what could be purchased for two Harpers and a half; but casting my self upon Fortune, that never yet failed me at a dead Lift, giving over my fruitless Search, I trudged on, resolving to make to the Sea-shore; and it was my Fortune, in the End, by following the great Road, to arrive at *Kinsale*, a Sea-port of *Ireland*, lying commodiously for Shipping, without happening on any Adventure worth mentioning,

Being arrived at this Place, I went to a little House
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of Entertainment near the Water-side, and called for a Refreshment, inquiring of mine Host, what Ships there were to go off, not caring to what Coast I stood, so I were out of the Danger I feared. He told me there was one bound for *Spain* with Fish, and that they stayed only for a Complement of Men. This, methought, offered somewhat fair, for all the World being my Home, I knew not but my Adventures might prove as successful there as any where: And hearing that the Master lodged at the House, I resolved to take up my Quarters likewise; and my Garb speaking my Stock greater than it was, there happened no Scruple about giving me Entertainment. About Noon the Master came, and being seated at Dinner, discoursing on various Matters, I proposed at last, to pass with him into *Spain*, as desirous to see the Country, if he would give me Passage, and be as assisting and Servicable in the Voyage as I could; but finding by my Terms, I had no Skill in Sea Affairs, he bogged, and seemed very unwilling I should embarque upon such Conditions; yet liking my sprightly Temper, he told me, for six Pieces of Eight, (Cheaper by half than the usual Price) he would set me on Shore at *Cadiz*. I told him I would consider of it, as being able at that Time to say nothing to it, well knowing the Strength of my Pocket; but thought with my self, it should go hard, if I made not my self Master of some Booty that would furnish me with a greater Sum, when, as the Devil would have it, to increase my Rogueries, about an Hour after, as I was Smoaking a Pipe, a young Wench, that appeared to be a Servant thereabouts, by her Dress, came to some Company that had stayed for her; telling them, by Way of Complement, she was sorry they had waited so long; but the Reason was, having lost a Silver Tumbler, she had been at the Astrologers to help them to it again. Upon which, the rest were very inquisitive to know what he had told her; declaring, how dangerous it was to go to the Devil on such Occasions, least he should have Power, at one time or other, to

them away alive; with much such like frivolous Stuff, of which I took no great notice, till the Lads, having commended him for a very skilful Man, proceeded to declare what Abundance of Money he got by his Art; and that in pulling out of his Money to change a half-Crown and take Twelve pence for his Advice, she see a large Handfull of Go'd and Silver. This made my Fingers itch to be shewing him a Trick for his Learning; and set him a Task to consult the Stars upon his own Account, I had heard his Name, and Place of Abode, and taking no further notice, resolved to be with him anon.

Pretending to take a Walk that Afternoon, I disguised my self as much as I could, being some Distance from the House, by sticking a black Patch upon my Face, and turning up Part of my Hair into my Hat, and what else I could conveniently do: I no sooner came to the Door of this pretended Converser of the Stars, but a punching Fellow, hearing me inquire for the Doctor, told me, he was extraordinary busy in his Study, and that I must wait his Leisure, though at length he proved the Doctor himself; for, not thinking I had seen him, he went up a Pair of back Stairs, and putting on his Furr-Cap, over-laid with Silver-Lace, and a Night-Gown, fixing likewise, a Pair of Whiskers, or Mustacoes, as I afterwards observed, he sent down the Maid to desire me to walk up, where I found him sitting very gravely amongst a few musty Books; it was a long Time e're he opened his Mouth, but in the End, he demanded the Cause of my coming; I had my formal Story ready, and told him in a melancholly Tone, that having been at a Fair, about four Miles off, the Day before, and taking a considerable Sum of Money for Cattle and Corn, being the Son of a Farmer at *Waterford*, happening to be in a Crowd, I had my Pocket picked of all, but three or four Shillings in a Fobb, and that I durst not go home, till I could hear something of it; and thereupon making a sowe Face, I feigned to shed a Tear, which made him proceed to pity me, and fall a railing against
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the Thief, and from that he proceeded to give me Crumbs of Consolation, in protesting, he doubted not by his Art to recover all, magnifying himself above *Cornelius Agrippa*, or *Ptolomy*, upon which, I laid down my Shilling; and then he began to scribble, and and make ridiculous Cringes, mumbling over the Planets, and Names of their Houses, describing to me a strange ridiculous Person, such as if the Thing had been real, was impossible to be found; telling me he observed my *Mars* being in the *Trine* with *Mercury*, it must be such a one; and that *Venus* being in the Reception of *Gemini*, promised a favourable Event, and if I would go to the Place where I was robbed, I should about five a Clock see him pass by me, and seizing him, recover the greater Part of what I had lost: At this I seemed over-joyed, and told him, I believed he was rightly described, for I perceived, said I, such a like Fellow juggle me in this manner, Thus, Thus, three or four times; with that showing the Doctor, who dreamt not of my Design, I joggled a handful of Money out of his Pocket, and taking it upon Content, very fairly took my leave, finding at my better Leisure ten Pieces of Gold, and the Value of three Pounds in *Spanish*, *English*, and other Silver Coin; and as if Fortune had now followed me with Success, to back my Enterprize, the Wind coming fair about, and the Master got more Men, he weighed early the next Morning, and upon Sight of my Money, took me on Board, leaving my Doctor to repair his Loss, by the Help of the Stars.

The Gale continuing to blow fresh, we were soon run out of Sight of Land, and never having been at Sea before, I was much pleased to be tossed; but I was soon weary of the Recreation, for we had not run a hundred Leagues, by Computation, ere the Heavens began to blacken, and a dismal Storm threatened us from the *South-West*, nor delayed it to attack our Ship with extraordinary Violence; insomuch that we were obliged to be all Hands aloft, and that not sufficient; for by Reason of our not tacking to the Leeward, a sudden

den Gust carried our Main-Mast by the Board, and we were forced to cut away the Shrouds that were unbroken, for fear of being over-set; and so great was the Clamour of the Seamen, though few understood what each other meant, by the confused Harangue, together with the whistling of the Wind in the yet remaining Rigging, and the Roaring of the Seas, whose Waves raised us sometimes, in a manner, to the Clouds, and at each fall sunk us in a *Chasma* of Water, seeming, as deep as *Achron*; likewise the rattling of the Thunder, and the Impetuosity of the Lightning, which seemed to make the Sea contract an universal Flame, that I concluded the Dissolution of the Universe had overtaken me, and End of all material Beings was at Hand; but when we expected the Worst, Providence so ordered it, that all was serene, and the late turbulent Waves losing their Wrinkles, lay smooth in their watery Beds, so that our furious riding before the Wind, was turned into a Calm, and the stilled Ocean with held us from prosecuting our Voyage to any Purpose, till Day appeared, at which time, the Wind blowing fair, we lost not our Opportunity, and being more at leisure, I began to scrape Acquaintance with my fellow Voyagers.

C H A P. IX.

How being at Sea, one of the Crew gave him a pleasant Account of the Rogueries, Character, Manners, and Customs of the native Irish, their several Distinctions, and superstitious Habits, their strange Beliefs, and proceeding in their Affairs, and the Trust they have to Saints, with the History of St. Patrick and his Purgatory, and other Matters.

HAVING singled out one of our Crew, whom I by chance found to be very knowing in the Affairs of *Ireland*, and desirous to pass away the time, and that I might be better informed of my Country-men, I intreated him to harp upon that String; after a cher-
ripping

ipping Cup or two, he complied with my Request: I will, said he, give an Account in the first Place of the native *Irish*, as I find them characterized in an old Author, *viz. Stainburst*, who indeed speaks somewhat favourable of them, in these general Terms: The Inclination of the *Irish*, says he, is to be superstitiously religious, frank, amorous, ireful, sufferable, of infinite Pains, very proud, Vain glorious, many of them Sorcerers, indifferent good Horse-men, delighting in Branglings and War, Almsgivers, and very hospitable, especially in Way of their Devotion; but the lewder Sort, as well their Priests as Lay-men, are sensual, and over-loose Livers; and where any is bred in an austere Devotion in their blind Worship, they exceed other Nations; as for Abstinence and Fasting, it is to them a familiar Kind of Chastisement; they follow the Dead to the Grave, with Howlings and barbarous Cries, from whence the Proverb of, *Weep Irish*, is applied to any sad Accident, or extraordinary Disaster: They are naturally Contemners of all other Nations, and carry a Kind of an irreconcilable Hatred to the *English*; insomuch that many of the Heads of their *Clans* have cursed their Posterity, if ever they sowed, or plowed, or learned to speak *English*: They are naturally of a cruel Temper, bloody in their Dispositions, and rigorous in Execution, and much subject to Ingratitude, tho' I must own there are some amongst them, but those of the superior Rank, that come not within the hardest Part of his Character; the vulgar Sort are extremely uncleanly, even to a Loathing in dressing their Diet, insomuch that it is foolishly held as a Prefage of ill Luck, to keep their Vessels cleanly, especially those about their Milk, Cheese, and Cream, so that they never scald, or wash them; in washing their Linen they are no less irksome, and yet they will be mighty angry, if they are reproved; as for their ploughing formerly, and now in many Places used, they have no Trace Ropes, or Collars, but tie the Horses together by the Hair of their Tales, insomuch that the poor Creature, wanting his Force, and

and much pained, is forced, by the cruel Beating of his *Irish* Master, many times to pull his Tail off by the Roots; and if any demand why they should not conform themselves to civil Courses, which others perform with less Pain and more Profit, they will satisfy you with no other Reason but Custom, and that their Ancestors did so.

As for the Account the Vulgar make of Oaths, they have a Custom, that upon any Controversy among themselves in the Country, the Tenants are enjoined to swear by their Landlord's Hand; which Oath, if the Lord disapprove, he lays a Fine upon the Juror; and therefore they are more circumspect in this than any other. They have likewise some Respect to Oaths when deposed upon the Mass-Book, and he, as many hold, may be better trusted, who swears by Bread and Salt, than many that offer to swear upon the Evangelists, divers not making any Conscience what they swear upon an *English* book, as thinking they are comprehended within the *Pope's* Dispensation; and so foolishly conceited are some, that they measure their Oaths by the greatness, or littleness, of the Book they swear upon, thinking, if it be but a little Book, they take but a little Oath; and are much for mental Reservation, and Equivocation; thinking it no Sin to defraud the *English Protestants*, and counting them as bad, if not worse, than *Egyptians*; and though they seldom read the Bible, yet upon this Account they will quote the 12th Chapter of *Exodus*, how the *Israelites* carried the Silver, Gold and Jewels, out of *Egypt*.

There are amongst them certain Septs or Divisions; as first, the Nobility, who for the most Part, are very brave and generous: Secondly, the Gentry, or Horsemen, who are many of them rude and uncivil, much given to Quarrelling and Revenge: Thirdly, the *Callowglasse*, who was wont to go armed to the Field with a Scull cap, a Skirt of Maile, and a Gallowglass-Axe, though his Service is neither good against Horsemen, nor able to endure an Encounter of Pikes; yet
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the *Irish* make great Account of them: Fourthly, the *Kerne of Ireland*, who is indeed the very Dross, and Scum of the Country, mostly living by robbing and spoiling the poor Villagers, and with many times force them to purchase them Food, though they and their Children starve for Want. There are a fifth Sort that live by keeping Horses, and are called Horse Boys, but more frequently Horse-stealers: Sixthly, they have Septs of *Bards*, Poets and Rhymers, whose Business it is, to study and compose Lyes and Fables, of old Traditions, Acts of Heroes, and Miracles of Saints, reduce Pedigrees, and tell Fortunes. There are also *Harpers*, which are much the same, and these are revered as Prophets by the native *Irish*, that in any War or Rebellion, they abstain to molest them in Person or Goods, but rather supply them to their Abilities. Further, there is a certain Brotherhood, called by the Name of *Karricus*, who teach them to play at Cards and Dice, &c. and so well they love the Sport, that they will play all their Cloaths from their Backs, and truss themselves up in Bands of Hay, or Straw: And so wedded they are in their Customs, that of whatever of these Sects or Septs the Father is, the Sons naturally incline to follow it.

Amongst the *Irish* there is a Kind of Feasting, called by them *Casbering*, where the Rhymers and Harpers sing and play, and their Songs are usually in Commendation of Theft, Murther, Rebellion, Treason and Fictions; invented, as is supposed, to stir them up to imitate the Examples of their Ancestors; for here they make Repetition how many Cows they had stolen, how many Murthers they had committed, how many times they had rebelled against their Prince, what Spoils and Outrages they had done against the *English*, &c. As for the Manner of their sitting at this Banquet, it is upon Bundles of Straw, with Straw strewed over their Feet and Leggs, on which they place their Dishes and Platters, as on a Table; and in Summer time for Straw, they use green Rushes. 'Tis counted a great Sin amongst them, to eat any Flesh on *Wednesdays*.

nejdays, Fridays and Saturdays. They eat their Meat in many Places, without Bread; and instead of thrashing Oats, Burn them out of the Straw, winnowing them from the Ashes; and where they have no Mills, as there are few in the Country, you may see the Women sitting on their Breech, with a Mortar between their bare Thighs, beating Oatmeal with a great Stone, or wooden Pounder, not valuing who are Spectators: Upon the Saints Eves they are very Superstitious, but especially on *May Eve*; where, like so many drunken *Bacchinalians*, they run about, tinck'ng Pans and Kettles, making a confused Noise, and consorting it with their Voices, in the Manner of the old *Pagans*, strewing the Streets with Herbs and Flowers.

St. *Patrick* (though it is much doubted whether there ever was such a Saint) is held amongst them in such Veneration, that it is held more dangerous to speak against him, than to reproach the Deity. They attribute a thousand Miracles to him, as freeing their Land by Prayer, for ever, from all venomous Creatures, and setting up a peculiar *Purgatory*, called by his Name; the crafty Priests shewing the credulous People, an extraordinary hollow Cave entering the Side of a Hill, or Mountain, in which there is heard a confused Noise; (no doubt, occasioned by the fall of Waters, springing out of the Hill, within that large Cavern, which might have formerly been the Source of some River, now turning its Course under Ground, another Way; or the the Effects of an Earthquake) and telling them, in this Place the Souls of those that dye unabolved, &c. are tormented, whose Cries occasion the Noise that issues thence; and by this Bugg-bear, screw much Money out of them: But the greatest Miracle this Saint ever did, was, to walk with his Head under his Arm, over an Arm of the Sea, being a Mile in breadth, to a Church, where he designed to be buried, and never so much as be tripp'd up by the Way, though in a violent Storm. And since I have spoke so much of St. *Patrick*, pray take his Legend: It seems, though the *Irish* brag so much of him, he was born a *Welsh-*
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man, and coming over into *Ireland*, bound himself Apprentice to a Swine herd; when one Day keeping his Master's Hogs, he happened to kick up a Purse of Gold, and with it buying his Freedom, returned to his own Country, and thence traveled to *Rome*; and being instructed in the Christian Faith, came for *Ireland*, and planted the Christian Religion, working a great many more Miracles than are true.

As for the Wells, that are attributed to Saints, there are many, which demonstrate the foolish Superstition of the *Irish*; in the East Part of *Dublin*, is *St. Patrick's*; to which, on the 17th of *March*, his Birth-day, all the People crowd, and having drank the Water, make it their Business for 4 Days, to tell what Wonders it has done. On the West is *St. James's* Well, where a Feast is celebrated on the 25th of *July*, and a great Fair is kept, the Commodities being only Ale; and the Custom is, to throw the Water of this Well over their Heads. On the South is *Saint-sunday's* Well, a Saint never heard of in the Golden Legend; and on the North *St. Dollock*, with many others: And in a Well called *St. John's* Well, they say, that on his Day, two Trouts are seen swimming, and no other Time; and that once, a Baker dipping in his Pail, caught up one of them; upon which he heard a dreadful Voice, commanding him to let it go, but thinking to make a Dinner of it, he resolved to carry it home, but was prevented, for in the Way he was met by a Whirlwind, which beat him down for dead, took the Pail out of his Hand, and carried it with the Trout to the Well again, so that none durst meddle with them after.

This long Story spun out a Part of our Voyage, and the Relater growing Hoarse in the Relation, I was contented he should give over; and a Bowl of Punch, which I had ordered to be made, coming in at the very Instant, we fell from discoursing to drinking, till we came within Sight of Land, and coming in to the Bay, we fired a Gun, to fetch a Pilot on board us, who came off in his Boat, and conducted us safely to.

Anchor in the Road, carrying with him, such as would, on Shore, of which Number I was one, complementally taking my leave of those on Board.

CH A P. X.

How being on Shore, and chusing a Companion, they plotted a witty Contrivance for a Silver Bowl, &c. And taking up Quarters in a Wood, discovered a pleasant Night-adventuring Love Intrigue, with the comical Circumstances that attended it; how turning Porter, for Disguise Sake, he deceived a Merchant of a great Sum of Money, and set up for a Gentleman: How a beautiful young Lady admitted him to her Embraces, and the Intreigues between them, to delude the Husband, with the Dangers he escaped, and the Frights he was put into; and other comical Matters.

AMongst the Number of those, that came a Shore in the Pilot's Boat, was my Countrey-man, from whom I had the foregoing Relation, and finding he came upon no better Account than my self, I contracted a strict Friendship with him, and we jointly concluded to set up for Merchants Adventurers: The first Business we undertook, after a Refreshment, was to survey the Town, and lay out the Land, as the Country-man terms it, to our Advantage; my new Companion had been in this Country before, and very well understood the Language, making it his Endeavour to instruct me, so that I soon gained, by this Means, and others that offered, a pretty good Smattering, in so much that I could understand most Words in the *Donish* Discourse: We then compared Notes, how our Stock held out, and found we were indifferent strong; but being well assured it would not last without a Recruit, no more than a Stream without a Spring to supply it; and knowing that Gaming would stand us in no great Stead, in so dull and grave a Country, we gave over those Thoughts, though I found my
Companion

Companion was well experienced in it, and I had pretty well gotten the Dexterity of shaking my Elbow, shuffling and cutting, toping, palming, and the like, which I had learned amongst my Companions at leisure Hours, and therefore we resolved upon some other Adventure, when sauntering about the Streets, at last seeing a Crowd of People coming out of a House, we at first imagined there might be some Sight to be seen, but upon further Inquiry, found it to be a Place famed for *Ola-podrida*, in the Composition of which Broth, as the Doctors Word it in their Medicaments, if you will believe our Host, no less than a hundred Ingredients are concatenated here; we called for what the House afforded, watching all Opportunities to gain by the Bargain, when luckily, to our Advantage, the Master, who little suspected his Mansion, contained such unprofitable Guest, taking up a Silver Bowl from before a departing Company, locked it up in a private Cupboard, and giving his Wife the Key, demanded Money to purchase a Couple of Fowl, which, it seems, were bespoke by some Persons not yet come; this was Item enough to us, who lay upon the Catch; so that immediately paying our Reckoning, we followed him at the Heels, and finding he went higgling from Place to Place, I went to a Poulterer, where he had been cheapning, and soon bargain'd, telling him, by the Way, that I being one of the Company, to whom mine Host had promised a plentiful Treat, and as I accidentally passed by, over-hearing his Markets, and finding him of a sneaking Temper, resolved to put a Trick upon him, by adding to his intended Bill of Fare, only desiring him to lend me his Frock, Apron and Tray, that I might carry them in, as a Poulterer, and get my Money again of his Wife, before he returned with what he intended to buy, and I would leave a Piece of Eight in lieu, till I returned: To this, without further suspecting my Intention, he consented, and planting my Comrade, as a Spy upon my Host, I trudged very boldly to the House, telling my Hostess, that I had brought a Couple of Fowls, her Husband had

had bought, and that my Master, in Consideration of his Custom, at this and other Times, had sent a Shilling for a Bowl of Canary, which he must carry to the Shop, in the Bowl that her Husband locked up when he went forth, and for a further Token, had gave her the Keys: At this the Woman began to pause, which put me in fear I had miscarried in my Design; but within a few Moments, I found my Fortune better, for I had it put into my Hands, and carried it cleverly off; my Companion, who knew where to find me, keeping at a Distance from mine Host, came after him into the House, to hear the End of this Adventure, and sitting down as a Stranger unconcerned, heard the Wife begin to praise the Bargain he had sent before; at which he started, and concluded her to be Mad, declaring he had sent none, nor could he buy any at the Price allotted, and so gave it over; however, persisting in her Discourse, to confirm him the more, she produced them, at which he seemed overjoyed, bidding her lay them aside, and deny them if any came to ask; for he believed they had been miscarried; but she had no sooner opened her Lips about the Bowl, e're he starting, cried, and is it delivered? to which she replying in the Affirmative, he fell to stamping and cursing like a *Bedlamite*; and being a little better come to himself, supposing some of the Poulterers where he had been Cheapening, had put a trick upon him, he went immediately upon the Inquiry; my Comrade paying his Reckoning, followed him, but not long e're returning with a seeming Joy to my Hostess, told her, he had brought her good News; What is it, said she? Why, replied he, your Husband had seized the Cheat, who put the cheat upon him this Evening for your Bowl, and is going before a Magistrate with him: O Heaven be praised, said she, I am wonderfully glad on't, for I should have lead a Dog's Life, if it had not been recovered; but, continued he, as a further Testimony of his Crime, you must send the Fowls, by the Token your Husband bid you lay them aside in such a Place; the Woman believing this
to

to be Truth, put them into his Possession; with much Joy he brought them to the Quarters we had taken up; and having by this time delivered up my Geer, and retaken my Pledge, we proceeded to make merry with our Cheer, and the next Day, by the Help of an old Governant, we found out a Chapman for our Bowl, whose chief Business was to buy stolen Silver, and melt it down; we sold him a lumping Pennyworth, yet had as much *Spanish* Money as came to five Pounds Sterling; and getting up our Pack, we resolved to leave this Place, and travel towards *Madrid*, where the King of *Spain*, principally keeps his Court; but crossing the Country, we happened to loose our Way; Night coming on, and there being no House near, we were obliged to take up in a Wood, the Weather being considerable hot, as in this Country it seldom is otherwise, it lying so near the *Equinoctial* Line, but had scarcely taken up Quarters, when we heard the Sound of Feet trampling towards us, and soft whisperings, which in a strange and desolate Place, at so unseasonable a Time, put us in some Fear, but I admonished my Companion to lie close, and expect the Event; we had not been held long in Suspence, when coming nearer, we could perceive two Shapes, seeming to be of different Sexes, as indeed they proved; for after some Consideration, they took a Grotto so near us, that our Ears and Eyes, especially the former, were not debarred the Use of their natural Faculties: this Couple began to be very amorous, so that we perceived they were Night-rambling Loverss, and had been commanded abroad by *Venus* to Dalliance, in the comfortable Contentments of Love: They were no sooner reposed on the Bosom of the enamelled Earth, whose Fragrances perfumed the ambient Air, and made all Nature smile, but a Man's Voice saluted my attentive Ears in this Dialect: Ah! how unhappy, says he, were we (addressing himself to his charming Mistress) if these kind Opportunities did not relieve us with sweet Delights of Love, and melting Enjoyment; how hard and obnoxious to Life and Nature would it

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prove, to be a Monastick, or Recluse, if Hopes of such dear Favours as you bestow, did not sweeten my Cares, and deceive the Eyes of Mortals, though we seem sequestered from the World, and walk hand in hand with the Goddesses of Chastity; yet Desire, in spite of all Resistance, will accompany us, and no Walls can shut out Thought; in vain we strive against the Laws of Nature, when by a mighty Hand she compels us to obey: To this she only replied with a Sigh, whilst he almost smothered her with Kisses, and wanton Toying, now squeezing her Ivory Hand, then casting his Amorous Arms about her Neck, and straying on those warm Mountains of panting Snow, whilst she, seemingly coy, often put away his Hand: but Night hiding her Blushes, if any over-spread her Face, laying aside her Vail, and he his Cowle (for they happened to be no other than a Fryar and a Nun, of two neighbouring Monasteries, &c. that often like kind *Hero* and *Leander*, met by stealth) she melted in his Embraces, and whilst they strugled in the *Elizium* of Bliss, creeping through a little Thicket, that partitioned us, I made my self Master of the Garments they had cast by, and whispering my Companion, we soon agreed to draw some Advantage from this unexpected Adventure, and thereupon fell to roaring and squeaking through the Bushes, in a kind of a hideous Strain; which fearful and surprizing Noise, at such a dismal Time of Night, startled the Lovers, who suddenly disengaging, and getting on their Feet, fell to running in great Confusion, whilst we pursued as fast, with a continued Out-cry, so that the Fryar, who was foremost, and very Corpulent, tangling his Feet in a Bramble, fell amongst the Bushes, scratching his Face in a lamentable Manner, the Nun stumbling at his Heels, tumbled over him, and not being able to relieve each other, thinking the Devil was come to Chastise them, for transgressing the Rules of their Orders; they sometimes fell a praying to St. *Dominick*, and St. *Bridget*, and at other times, crying out for Mercy; but after we had laughed a little, to see 'em

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in that Posture, and assured them we were no Hopgoblins, but mortal Men, who had been Witnesses of their infamous Practices, in breaking the Vows of Chastity, and hypocritical dissembling with the World; they began to bear up, and recovering their Legs, fell to beseeching us, we would not ruin them, by revealing this Secret, and there should be nothing wanting on their Part, to gratifie us: This was what we aimed at, and thereupon Father *Pedro* put into my Hand a Golden Meddal of St. *Francis*, which he told me was worth ten Duccats, and that he would meet us the next Morning after *Mattins*, and redeem it at a greater Value; this being more than we expected, pretty well satisfied us, and thereupon delivering their Garments, left them to their freedom, the next Morning he met us as he had appointed, at a little Place that had been a Hermit's Cell, but it seems, the old Man dying some Months before, it was become vacant, he brought with him such Provision as he could convey under his Habit, and a Flask of extraordinary Wine, and gave us so good a Welcome, that we seemingly began to repent we had disturbed him in his Recreation, and expressed our selves to that Purpose, which the more ingaged him to us, and made him free in discovering the Tricks, Knaveries, Dissimulations, and Cheats of a Monastick Life, and the Temporal Advantages that accrue thereby, with the Imposture of the Miracles of the Church of *Rome*, by which the Ignorant are imposed on, how often times Fellows, are bribed under Oaths of Secresy, to counterfeit themselves lame and blind, deaf or dum; and being brought to the Shrine of that Saint, to whom the Cure of any such Malady is attributed; after the Priest has repeated and used the Ceremonies, the Patient immediately seems to recover, which procures great Reputation to that Chappel, or Monastery, and draws like a Load-stone, a Crowd of Offerings: For note, there are peculiar Saints, to peculiar Diseases, they being such conscientious Doctors, over what this Age produces, that they will not take a Patient out of each others

others Hands, nor pretend to cure all Distempers; for St. *Roach* will meddle with no other Diseases, than the Plague and spotted Fever: St. *Petrenello* is for the Ague; St. *Appolonia* for the Head-ach, and St. *Anastasis* for the Tooth-ach; he told us moreover, that he was forced upon a Monastical Life, when very young, and against his Inclination, by his Uncle, who did it out of a covetous Humour, to possess and cheat him of an Estate his Father had left; and that the young Woman I had seen with him, had been thrust into a Nunnery, upon such another Account, and having vowed Love and eternal Constancy, they intended, with the first favourable Opportunity, to leave their Habits, and withdraw, to try, if in a state of Wedlock they might recover, what was so justly their Right: He related many other Tricks and Intreigues, how the Nuns are frequently prostituted by their Abbesses and Superiors, for great Sums of Money, and their Children made away privately, to save the Credit of the Place; and the Brethren of the Orders are dished up, for the Use of longing Ladies, who are desirous of Heirs, or Excess of Recreation, by which means, their Incomes are considerable: He would have proceeded further, but hearing the Bell ring, he told us it was time to depart, and making us vow to be Secret, till he had gained the Point, he gave us fifteen Ducats, and we restored him his Saint; and so taking leave we parted; he to his Monastery, and we towards *Madrid*.

In our Journey we took a View of the Country, more particularly the Rivers, Bridges, Woods, Mountains, Orchards, Gardens, Fountains, stately Buildings, &c. and found them to be very pleasant, sumptuous, and magnificent, and in these Observations we passed away our Time, till we came to the City, where the *Spanish* Pride and Gravity appeared in its Center; for here a Cobler was no sooner out of his Stall to carry home a Pair of mended Shoes, to the Value of three Half-pence, though to the next Door, but on went his Cloak and Spado, or Rapier of two Yards

Yards long, and then he moves in a majestic Peace, with a great Ruff about his Neck. A Taylor here takes upon him as much State as an Alderman; and the very Groom of a Stable, or Scullion-Boy, stiles himself Seignior, or Gentleman; the People being very frugal and sparing in their Diet; a good Piece of Beef being as often seen in an ordinary House, as the Philosophers Stone, and a Leg of a Turkey or Capon, is counted an extraordinary Joint; the Women are generally Slaves, to what we find in other Countries, seldom admitted to sit at Table with the Men, and those that are handsom and of the better Sort, usually locked up, and not suffered to appear, if any Stranger be in the House; we spent several Days in taking a Survey of this Place, and found the King's Palace more especially, to be of very delicate Building mostly Stone, and curiously wrought, and the Houses of the Grandees little differing; Wine we had in abundance at a very cheap Rate which the Natives make little account of, being as sparing in Drinking as in Diet. These things did not so much take up our Thoughts, but they were intent how to get Money, which made us walk as Spies about the Street, to see where the Booty lay, and was most convenient to be come at, when one Day, near the Merchants Row, coming into a little drinking House, and calling for a Can of Wine, we overheard a Porter say, he was to carry a great Burthen of Money that Evening to a Bankers, from a Merchant, whom he named, and lived not far distant; my Companion took no great Notice of it, till I told him I had a Project just come into my Head to draw a Lot for this Money; but he who knew the Custom of the Place, told me it would be altogether impossible to take it by Force, and he knew no other Way I could attempt it: I'll warrent you for that, said I; Let me alone, if you can but insinuate into the Company of this Porter; he promised to do it, and to be brief, making him dead drunk, I got his Porters Habit and Tackling that lay by; for even the Porters pretending to be Gentlemen, will not put them on till

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just they are to perform their Business, and leaving my Companion to manage him, being already between sleep and wake, I slipped out of Doors, and took my Stand near the Merchant's House, and long I had not stayed, before I heard a young Man call, *Don-Zone, Don-Zone*, Porter, Porter; by which I knew it was the Porter's Name, I had left in the Suds, and after a little doubting what I had best to do, resolved to answer, and toned him so Right, hiding, as much as I could, my Face, that the Cashier, well knowing his Garments, and that no other Porter plyed at that Place, hasty of Dispatch, clapped the Money on my Back, whose Weight, to my no small Joy, made my Shoulders shake, and bidding me go along, followed close at my Heels, but passing a narrow Street, and there happening to be a Stop of Coaches, while he stood up to shun, being crushed by another that came rushing out of the Intanglement of the Crowd, I stepped down an Alley, with all the haste that Hope and Fear could inspire me, getting thus from my Overseer, I crossed and turned as many bye Places and Windings, as *Dedalus'* Labyrinth contained, till I found a way to get out of the City, not daring to return in search of my Companion with such a pretious Burthen, and traveling till I almost fainted under the Weight, I came at last to a Forrest, and there took up my Quarters in a little Cave, Time had eaten in the side of a low Rock, but could not sleep, for thinking how I should bestow my Treasure; to hide it I was loath, as remembering my bad Success in *Ireland*, and to carry it in the Day time, I could not without Suspicion, and much Trouble; however, resolved to trust it so long out of my Sight, as I could get to the Road, and take a View of the Coast by the Light of the Morning that began to break, when walking about in my proper Habit, very pensive and thoughtful; for the sudden acquirement of great Sums of Money, generally strike Mens Minds with Melancholly, till they have time to deliberate and digest it, I espied, at a Distance, a Fellow on Horse-back, driving
another

another Horse before him, with a great Pannel on, he no sooner came up, but counterfeiting my self lame, desired him to let me ride five or six Miles with a small Parcel I had, and I would gratify him Liberally; he told me he could not, for he was going to sell his Horses at a Fair, not above a Mile off, and if to ride so far would do me any Service, he was contented; upon which I fell immediately to beating the Price of his Horse with the Pannel; at first he took me to be in Jest, or that I had a Design to take him by Force, not knowing what Companions I might have in the Wood; but seeing me draw out a Purse of Money, and press it more earnestly, we struck a Bargain for twelve Duccats, and paying the Money, I received my pannelled Steed, and tying him to a Tree, went to fetch my Treasure, whilst he jogged about his Business, having brought it near the Road, I led in my Horse, and taking off the Pannel, unripped it, and pulling out a great Part of the Straw, stuffed it with more pretious Materials, sewing it up close, with such Implements as I had about me, and burying my Porters Habit, mounted with a Resolution to undertake greater pieces of Knight Errantry, and memorable Discourses, than ever came into the Brains of *Don Quixot*, and stopped not for any Continuance, till I came to the Town of *Seville*, and there coming to an Inn, called for the best the House afforded, and intending to lodge there for a Time, I went and bought me a Portmantua, as also a Saddle, taking of my Pannel, and carrying it into my Chamber, there I disburthened its Intrails of the Coin, and made a Fire of the Carcass; when giving pretty liberally to the Servants, for every petty Office they did me, they took me for some Person of Quality. *Incognito*, and began to whisper it abroad, which I strugled not to Discountenance, but with the less Suspition, found an Opportunity, to change my Silver into Gold, for the lighter Carriage, buying a very rich Suit, Sword, Hat, and all Materials, changed my Scrub, giving Money to boot for an excellent Horse: This sudden Alteration made the

People amazed, and proceed to various Conjectures; some affirmed me to be such a Count, that was in Disgrace at Court, and had retired in Disguise thus alone; others, that I was such a Marquess that had a Design upon a young Lady in the City, and my Negotiation failing by Proxie, I came secretly in Person to try the Adventure, and many other Rumours there went, inso-much that my Landlady offered her eldest Son to be my Footman, which I excused, telling her my Servants would e're long be in Town; this Confirmed them more of my Quality, and caused a more profound Respect towards me: During these Proceedings I had got my Cargo into a small Compass fit for travelling, and from a kind of a Country Higgler, as I seemed to be upon my jaded Horse, and a Worm-eaten Panel, I appeared a Don at all Points, well mounted and armed, and having taken leave, with much Liberality, and a great deal of Respect and good Wishes, upon declaring, I had, upon a Letter lately received, alter'd my Measures, and appointed my Servants to meet me at another Place: I set out under the Guidance and Protection of Fortune, when some Miles distant, riding by a fair Castle, most of the Seats of the Nobility in the Country being no less, I cast my Eyes upon a very beautiful Lady leaning over a Cushion, out at a Window, and as well as I could, at that Distance, gave her several amorous Glances, she took the Hint being very ingenious, and sent one of her confiding Servants, to let me know she was desirous to be entertained with the News of the Court, from which she suspected I came; to this Request I agreed, and was no sooner alighted in the outward Court, but she approached to welcome me, and appeared in my Eyes amiable and charming as the Queen of Love, dashing me so out of Countenance, that I was obliged to stand a while recollecting my self, before my Voice could find Way, when taking better Courage, bending one Knee to the Ground, as to Nature's Perfection and Master piece in all Accomplishments of Beauty, as well internal, as I afterwards found it, as external, she
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raised me gently, and with a Smile that made a powerful Impression in my Heart, commanded me, as I was a Cavalier, not to stand upon Ceremonies, but to use the Freedom of her House, which was ever open to Strangers that bore the Characters, or Appearance of Note, and thereupon led me into a stately Hall, and from thence to a Parlour hung with Arras, and Cloath of Tissue, interwoven with curious Figures, representing pleasing Fancies in antient and modern Histories; but above all, the Pictures were admirable, and amongst the rest, I cast my Eyes upon the Portraiture of *Venus* Courting *Adonis*, to Love and Injoyment; she was painted naked, and her Eyes in so languishing and desirable a Figure, that they seemed to speak her Passion to the Life: The Lady being at my Elbow, demanded my Opinion of that Piece, telling me moreover, it was drawn by *Rubens*, one of the best Masters of the Age: I replied, it was very much to the Life, and nothing but her lovely self, could have a greater Power to inflame the mind to Transports of Desire and Love, at which casting her Eyes on me, sparkling with Goodness, and giving me a gracious Smile, she told me, in her Opinion I had made a true Judgment; and Pointing to the Portraiture of the Nymph *Daphne* flying from the God *Apollo*, she again asked my Opinion; I found the Piece curiously done, and understood it was a Piece of *Vandikes*, another great Master, but told her, the Fancy of the former, in my Opinion, exceeded the latter, though both commanded Admiration, she thereupon demanded my Reason: Truly, Madam, said I, the Difference is not in the Painting, but in the Story; for the Former's Compliance created her Pleasure, and the Latter's Coyness ruin'd her, by being turned, according to her Wish, into a senseless Tree, when she might have enjoyed Raptures of *Elixian* Bliss. Finding me thus free and discerning, she came closer, leading me into her Closet, and there discovering her Wants, not of Treasure, for in that she abounded, but of an Heir to enjoy a vast Estate; telling me, if I had any Compassion

sion for a languishing Lady, now the critical Moments offered me Advantage, her Husband, as a Minister of State, expected from Court in three or four Days, and in that Space I was at Liberty to Command her House. At this I took Courage, and told her, she had so infinitely obliged me, that I was altogether at her Devotion, Whereupon smiling and brightning with Joy, she shewed me her Bed-Chamber, where stood the Alcove of Love, and genual Happiness, so rich and dazzling, that I stood amazed; and by this Time one of her Gentlewomen came up to inform us the Dinner was on the Table; when taking me by the Hand, she lead me down, and placed me by her at the Table: the Servants perceiving the Respect I received from her, took me to be no less than a Person of Quality, and accordingly conformed in their Attendance and Behaviour. The Afternoon was spent in walking in the cool Shades, amidst the rarest Variety of Trees, Flowers, Fountains, Statues, and other Adornments, where she entertained me with various Discourses, telling me, amongst other Things, how unhappy the *Spanish* Women were in the Jealousy of their Husbands, even to the restraining, by Locks and Engines, their most secret Utensils; but her Husband being of a contrary Nature, she was more at Liberty. Night come, and Supper ended, she would needs have me lodged the next Chamber to her self; and when all were wraped in the Arms of slumber, but ever-waking Lovers, she sent her Confidant to bring me to her Bed, perfumed with Roses, Musk and Amber; where I adored my fair Saint, till she expressed her self highly satisfied with my Devotion, and the next Morning our mutual Blushes, and interchanging Glances, expressed our extraordinary Passion.

Dinner-time was no sooner come again, and we set at the Table, but a thundering was heard at the Gate, and one of her Spyes came running in, half Breathless, assuring her her Lord was returned. This unexpected News made her change Colour once or twice; but having Wit at her Fingers ends, enjoying her Servants

to Silence, upon Pain of her Displeasure, she desired me to step aside into her Closet, which was within hearing and seeing, and locking me in, went to receive her Husband with open Arms, and many dissembling Kisses, conducting him to Dinner, seeming greatly to rejoyce at his Return, whom, at that Time, she could (perhaps) have wished at *Jerico*.

Having discoursed of many things, and especially laid a Wager to Name the most material Utensils in a House, she told him, she had had the rarest Company since his Departure, that ever she had entertained in her Life. Her Lord, upon this, expressed his Impatency to know what it was. Why truly, my Lord, replied she, a strange young Gentleman I caused to be called in as he was travelling the Road, upon my Word, the gallantest Bed-fellow I ever had in my Life. How, Bed-fellow! (replied he, starting and seeming angry) sure Madam, you are but in jest! You may take it so, says she, but I found it true, to my unspeakable Contentment. The Lord upon this, nettled to the quick, grew furious, and with some Impatience, demanded what was become of him? Why, replied she, he was here with n this Hour. Upon which he called for Horse and Arms to pursue him, vowing Revenge. Nay, continued she, you may spare this trouble, for I have him still, locked up in my Closet: This Word struck me like a Clap of Thunder, giving my self for gone; and whilst I was studying what Apology to make, he in a Rage, drew his Sword, demanding the Keys, or he would force his Way to the Life of him that had injured him. This set me in a Fit of trembling, from Top to Toe, wishing my self conjur'd into the *Red Sea*, so I was but carried from this Place: But the Scene soon alter'd, for my Lady perceiving his Anger to grow impetuous as a Torrent, after a Fit of Laughter, demanded her Wager: Wager me no Wagers, says he, give me the Keys, or I'll force the Door. Why, my Lord, replied she, with a Smile, do you think what I have said is true? or that I am so weak to make such a Discovery, had it been real?

Have you found my Judgment at any time so little? no, never imagine it, you know what our Wager was, and in the Account of your Reckoning, you forgot to mention Keys, which I take for very necessary Things about a House; and this fetch was more cunningly to convince you, you had lost your Wager. At this my Lord's Anger lessened, and growing calm, exalted the Ingenuity of his Lady to the Stars, being in a Moment (like a good natur'd Man) induced to believe all she had said was meer-Romance and Intrigue, to make him sensible he had lost his Wager; and immediately drawing out his Purse, gave her fifty DucCATOONS, and having appointed a Hunting-Match, left us to a quiet Enjoyment of our selves. She laughed when I mentioned the Fear she had put me in, and told me, that nothing was more pregnant than a Woman's Wit at a dead list; advising me, If ever I coupled in earnest, rather to chuse a witty Woman without a Fortune, than a Fool with a Portion; and thereupon, crouding the Money she had won by her witty Contrivance, into my Pocket, intimating, my longer Stay might be dangerous to my self, and her Reputation, dismissed me with a familiar Kifs, by a Back-way, having ordered my Horse to be brought thither by one of her confiding Servants.

C H A P. XI.

How, falling in Love with a New-married Gentlewoman, he gained Access, by the means of his Landlady: How, finding her in Armour, watching her Husband's Night-cap in his Absence, he was put into a Fit of Trembling; but being convinced of the no Danger, enjoyed the Fair one, and shew'd her the Way to Love, of which, till that Time, she was kept in Ignorance; but being afterward surprized, he fired the Prison, and escaping by Sea, and was ship-wracked.

Necessity compelling me, though somewhat against my Inclination, to take my farewell of this

this charming Lady, I soon after met with a different Adventure, that turned to my Misfortune; for baiting at a Town a few Miles distant, I was so taken with the Scituation of the Village, that a strong Impression on my mind influenced me to stay there for a few Days: when walking early one Morning to take the Air, I cast my Eyes towards a Balcony, and fixed 'em upon a young Gentlewoman, in the Rose-bud of her Days, exceeding amiable, though of no extraordinary Air or Carriage: At first I supposed her to be some unmarried Fortune, by the Servants that so diligently waited on her, or rather watched her; but making a strict Inquiry, found she had been lately marry'd, and her Husband (as Luck, or my Fortune, chuse you whether, would have it) was out of Town. This made me cudgel my Brains, to find by what Means I should become acquainted with her; and finding (though I set out my Person to the best Advantage) it did not propagate, nor she at all take notice of the Signs I made; I went somewhat pensive to my Lodging, my Landlady took so much notice of the Alteration, that she made bold to inquire into the Cause; and perceiving she was a Woman of Experience, and consequently a great Intreiguer, I made her acquainted with my new-contracted Passion; at which she could not but smile, assuring me, the Lady was very shallow in Understanding, and for that Reason her Husband had taken her to a high Fortune, from a low Estate, on purpose that he might not be an Inhabitant of the Region of *Cuckoldom*, a Place where many *Spaniards* are obliged to take up, notwithstanding their Caution. This Discourse fired my Fancy, and made me more eager, as desirous to try Variety of Humours, and cramming a couple of Duccatoons into her Hand, intreated her Assistance: She told me it would be a difficult Undertaking; however, since I had been so liberal, she would try her Skill to introduce me. I promised more plentifully to gratify her Kindness if she prevailed, though it went no further than civil Conversation; and so proceeded

to take a Glas or two Wine, whilst her Thoughts were employed how she might bring her Purpose about.

It was now the Time of Fruit, and nicking the Opportunity, she went and bought the rarest that was to be found, and in the Equipage of a Woman that used to sell such Marketables, went in the Morning, at such a Time as she thought the young Lady to be up, and found her as she could wish, in the Porch, and so cunningly insinuated, that she wound herself into a Discourse with her: The jealous *Spaniard*, it seems, had trusted his Wife with little or no Money, and therefore she was not forward to purchase my Landlady's Ware, though she urged her to take a Taste of her several kind of Varieties, and at last, told her in more familiar Terms, that a Gentleman, who was extremely desirous to be her Servant, had commanded her to make a Present of those Baskets; to which she innocently answered, that indeed she thanked him, but durst not take any one into her Service, without the Knowledge and Consent of her Husband, and verily believed she had as many already as she had Occasion for: My Landlady finding her Ignorance and Mistake, replied: Ah! Madam, the Service he desires to do for you, is of another Nature than what you conceive; he has seen you, and loves you, and dies for an Opportunity to converse with you alone: At this she fell a laughing, and coming a little to herself, replied, That it was pitty any Gentleman should dye for such a small Matter; and if he would give himself the trouble, about nine in the Evening, he might come and see her in her Chamber, there being a back Pair of Stairs, and she would leave the Door open on purpose, that by his unseasonable knocking he might not disturb the Family, and that he need not question to find her up: My Landlady having thus far gained the Point, came home, with Tokens of good Success, in the Air of her Countenance, and gave me a Relation of the Progress she had made, which so far transported me with Joy, and Expectation

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on of Happiness, that I fixed on her a further Present of four Pieces of Eight; and impatiently expecting the Hour, thinking the Wheels of Time were at a stand, or moved too slow; about eight I went, and took her with me, as a Guide, being altogether unacquainted with the Ways of the House, she led me directly to the back Stairs, which before she had well viewed, and bid me put on the Courage of *Mars*, and march up courageously to the Tent and Arms of my beloved *Venus*; being at the Stairs Head, I found the Door, only put too, and softly opened it, but there, to my Amazement, I supposed, instead of a lovely *Venus*, I had met with *Minerva*, of *Bellona*, the Goddess of War; for my Mistress was walking up and down the Room, *Amazon* like, armed at all Points, with a Spear in her Hand, and a Sword by her Side, a lovely Helmet on her Head, and a Cuirass on her tender Body; this unexpected Sight made me start, as suspecting some Design to trap me, and thereupon in no small Fit of trembling I began to retreat; she no sooner observed my Fear, but falling into a moderate Laughter, told me, I might advance, and dread none but Friends: At this, recollecting my fading Courage, with many submissive Cringes, I approached her by Way of profound Submission, and soon found by her Replies to my Proposals, that she was as ignorant as she had been represented; and that her Husband being in Years, and unable to give what a buxom young Wife is often coveting, had hitherto kept her so, contenting, or rather supplying his Innability with toying only, like a covetous Miser, envying others those luscious Fruits he was unable to gather, perswading her Weakness, that the Duty of a Wife, in her Husband's Absence, the better to keep him in Remembrance, was to watch his Night-Cap, armed in the Posture I found her, and not stir from her Post till Day appeared, and then to take her Liberty of going to Bed, the Servants having a strict Charge not to undeceive her; so that I had no small Difficulty with all my Stock of Rhetorick and passionate Intreaties, to convince her
how

how much she had been imposed on, and by Presents, and further Temptation, perceiving a yielding in her Eyes, and that she otherwise expressed a Desire to be instructed in her Duty, I supplied her Defect, by a Demonstration of Kindness that was not ingrateful, and made her confess before we parted, that she was never so pleased in all the Days of her Life, intreating me to come and give her Instructions, as often as Opportunity permitted; and so with an ardent Kiss or two, the approach of Day made us separate,

I forgot in my amorous Fit to leave such Instructions with my charming Mistress, as both our Secresy and Safety required, nor could her Judgment afford a sufficient Rule of Prudence to keep her own Counsel; for the next Day her Husband unexpectedly coming, she fell to rallying him, for keeping her so long in Ignorance, and not teaching her the Duty of a Wife, as he ought, this startled the *Spaniard*, and presently made him conjecture, she had either tasted of the forbidden Fruit, or at least some one, more understanding than her self, had removed the Scales from her Eyes, and immediately commands her to his Closet, where he fell to examining the Premises, and found there had been a Burglary committed on his Freehold; this grated him to the very Heart, and more especially when she offered to show him how a young Gentleman had taught her her Duty, and that she would be fooled no longer, but take him for her School-Master. The old subtle Fox, did not contradict her, but desired to know the Person who had been so kind, that he might return him Thanks, for the Civility he had bestowed upon his dear Wife; she plainly told him she knew him not, but expected to see him in the Evening; and desired, since he was so much pleased with the Business, he would provide a Collation to welcome him; he promised to do it, and seemingly made great Preparation; but upon my coming, I had a Welcome of another Nature: I found indeed my Mistress in the same Chamber, in a very airy Dress, sitting by the Fire; but scarce had I clasped her in
my

my Arms, with devouring Looks, ardent Kisses, and amorous Expressions, and was leading her towards the Place of our former soft Recumbency, but four grim Fellows started from behind the Hangings, and seizing me with a loud Out cry, fell to cudgelling my Carcass, with less Mercy than *Tartars* use their Slaves; the old Blade who came in at the same Time, exciting their Fury, till my Head and Body seemed all over but one Bruise; and I was so far spent, that my Voice and Strength failed; however this, nor the Danger of Death, such unmerciful drubbing had occasioned, was not sufficient to blunt the edge of the Seignior's Revenge, but having first caused some Women, the Retinue of his House, to padlock his Wife, and my poor over fond Mistress, he straitly confined her to a Chamber, all her Cries, and Intreaties not being able to move him to Pity or Remorse: He sent me to a strong Prison, joyning to his Mansion, that had formerly served as a Durance, for such as were so unhappy to fall under the Censures and Tortures of the bloody Inquisitors, threatening me with Death, and all the Plagues and Torments, that witty Horror, inspired Jealousy, and the Spirit of Revenge, were capable to inflict; insomuch that I gave my self for gone, expecting more sowre and bitter Sawce, than I had yet tasted since I enjoyed the Sweets of Love: My Diet was Pump Mouldy Fig-cakes, and my Drink only Water, e'en so much as was sufficient to keep me alive; the Place being dismal, made all Things seem horrible and amazing, so that I was in a manner at my Wits End, my Mind agitated with such a Hell of Dispair, that my being on this Side the Grave, seemed a Burthen to me, and many times I resolved to take a capering Passage into the other World, and had once fastened the fatal Hemp, which I had plucked out of an old Quilt I found there, and made into a Rope; but more serious Thoughts dashed that rash Determination, as scorning to dye unrevenged, and thereupon I absolutely resolved to fire the Prison, and make the Buildings adjacent sink in conquering Flame,

as my Funeral Pile; yet I was checked in this, when I reflected my Mistress might be unhappily surprized in her Confinement, by the raging, and undistinguishing, Element, and fall a Matyr to my ill timed Love and Revenge; but hoping the best, my bad usage, and the apprehensions of greater Rigor, confirmed me in my desperate Design, and with what Combustable matter I could get, striking Fire against a Steel Bar, by the help of a Flint, which with much labour I got out of the Wall, it kindled in the Hemp, that was dry and seizable, and making my Breath the Bel-lows, soon raised it into a ruddy Blaze; and Piling up the Fragments of a torturing Engine that had been left, and fell to ruin, by reason of its Antiquity, I burnt the Door in sunder, so that it fell from off its Hindges; and finding the Flame grow fast upon me, perceiving there was but one Lot amongst a thousand for my safety, I violently rushed into Clouds of Smoak and Fire, as if I had been going to offer my self to *Molech*; yet Providence so order'd it that though I was singed extreamly, my Cloaths, Shooes, Stockings, and Hair, in a manner consumed. I got free, and leaping into a Moat, which cooled the anguish, and quenched the flaming Fragments of my Apparel, I swam cross, and getting over a great River, stayed till I had satisfied my Revenge, in seeing all the Houses and Buildings in a Blaze; and the *Spaniard*, no doubt, concluding I was reduced to Ashes, not troubling himself to pursue me: I afterwards passed uninterrupted to the Sea-Coast, where giving out, that I was a miserable Person who had been reduced to this Extremity of Poverty and Disorder, by being blown up in a Ship a few Leagues from Shore and have saved my self on broken Pieces of the Sides, which had brought me to Land. They so far compassionated my Misfortune, that in a Day or two I got Money and Cloaths, and entered my self on Board a Vessel bound for *England*: But, as if I had been pursued for my many Villanies, by Divine Vengeance, we scarce had weighed and sailed out of Land, but the
rattling

rattling Thunder began to roar over our Heads in Seas of floating Clouds, whilst the gathering Tempest screened us from the Sun, and made a kind of a Night of Blackness in the Midst of Day, the Wind at first blowing pretty fresh from the South-West, but on a sudden it gathered such Strength, that the Sea rouled Mountains high; so that at one Time our Top-Mast seemed to reach the Stars, and immediately sunk as low as *Pluto's* Mansion; and having lost all Guidance, we were forced to let the Ship drive before the Wind, our Main-mast being carried by the Board, and all our Tackle intangled and disordered; and now the raging Element began to threaten us, the dreadful Valleys between the rising Billows, appearing as so many yawning Graves, prepared to entomb us alive, all pumping proving utterly in vain; insomuch, that the Men quite tired, and near heart-broke, gave over, every one stripping and preparing for the Sea, we supposing now to discover Land, and we happened indeed to be too near, for shearing on a craggy Rock, that lay in Ambush for us under Water, the violent Shock broke our Ship in Pieces; when with a loud cry, every one got hold of what first came to Hand, nor was I one of the last, but happened, by good Luck, upon a Piece of the Bolspit: both Tide and Wind driving towards the Shore, I stood not for Complement, to look after my Companions, many of whom, I suppose, were drowned, for I never heard of above four or five out of twenty, that got to Shore: I lay hulling upon the Waves about six Hours, before I came in a manner within Hopes of Safety; and then the craggy over-hanging Cliffs, and steep Banks, made me almost despair of Landing: but the Storm by this time, having spent its Spite, began to allay, when getting on the Sands, I found a hollow Way between two Rocks, through which, miserably cutting my bare Feet on the sharp Stones, I clambered to the upper Ground, and discovering, as well as I could, I found I was driven on the Coast of *France*,

C H A P. XII.

How; being Shipwrack'd, and cast naked on shore in France, he betook him to the Woods, and made Garments of green Boughs: How he frighted two Fryars with his strange Habit, but was afterwards relieved by them, and carried to their Monastery, and admitted a Brother of their Order. The Curious Observations he makes, with the comical Tricks he play'd, how robbing them: At last he threw off his Habit, and made his Escape: With other pleasant Adventures, &c.

BEing naked in a strange Country, where I but little understood the Language, destitute of Money, and consequently of Friends, I appeared almost at my Wits-end for a Time; but growing a little calmer, and casting many Things in my Mind, I resolv'd to go and harbour in the next Wood, near the Way-side, as well to cover my Nakedness, as to crave Relief from such as might happen to pass by: And putting this Resolution in Practice, I there, *Ulysses* like, covered my self as well as I could, with the Branches of Trees; or rather imitating old *Adam*, in striving to cover my Shame after eating the forbidden Fruit, my wicked Course of Life making deep Impressions on my Conscience: The remaining Part of the Day, and all the following Night, I continued there weary and afflicted with Cold, but much more with Hunger; not daring, if I could, to have slept, for fear of being devour'd by Wolves, whose hideous Howlings, though at a Distance, much terrified me, the Woods and Forrests in these Parts, it seems, being full of those ravenous Creatures. When Day approach'd, I was no less glad, than if I had, after much Torture, been eas'd of violent Fits of the Stone, or Gout; yet long I stay'd e're I heard the Tread of humane Feet, which Sound at last, very gratefully saluted my Ear, when peeping out, I saw two Fryars with Wallets at their

their Backs, they, it seems, being of the Order of the *Mendicants*, were returning from begging, in the neighbouring Villages: To these I propos'd to address my self; but seeing me so suddenly come out of the Wood, clad in Branches of Trees, which with small Withes and Twigs I had fastened on my Body; whether they took me for a walking Forrest, *Silvanus* the fabled God of the Groves, or the Spectre of some Person that had been murdered in that solitary Place, I could not determine; but no sooner were their Eyes fixed on me. but down went their Wallets, and to their Heels they betook them; for the Sake of the Blessed Virgin, and all the Saints, to return, and not fear, but take Pity upon a miserable Wretch, oppressed and brought to the Gates of the Grave, by the cruel Hand of Fortune: Upon this, one of them had the Courage to look back, and perceiving me to be a Mortal, call'd to the other, so that making a stand, and consulting a while, after they had mumbled over a few Prayers, and crossed themselves, they came leisurely towards me, who was all this while on my Knees, with uplifted Hands, in a beseeching Gesture: And when I had let them understand I was reduced to this Misery by Shipwrack, and the great Want and Necessity I was in, also my Country, Name, and other trivial Matters, they greatly pitied my Mishap, and began to read me a Lecture of Pennance and Humiliation; telling me, these Afflictions might turn to my Good. But I, who had more mind to be at their Wallets, entreating them to defer this till another Season, and give me something for the Support of Life. They entered a little Way into the Wood, and sitting down on Turfs and dry'd Leaves, opened one of their Store-houses, and gave me Plenty of good Provision, refreshing my Body, and strengthening my decay'd Spirits with Cordials they had in their Pockets; telling me, I should accompany them to their Monastery, and be better provided for; stripping me of my wild Forresters Garb and covering my Nakedness with a loose Coat of their Habit.

To

To the Proposal of the two Fathers I willingly consented, accounting them, at that Pinch of Necessity, my good Angels, sent to my Relief; and away we trudged together, I assisting them in carrying their Luggage; the Monastery not being above two Miles thence, we soon reached it. Being at the Gate, they bid me stay for further Orders, till they made their Superiors and the Brother-hood acquainted: I waited not above half an Hour, but I was introduced and brought into the Hall, where gathering in a Ring about me, I was asked many Questions; as, Whether I was marry'd? or would be content to enter my self a Brother, or Novice of the Order? To which I made a satisfactory Reply; and being better clad, was lifted: Whereupon, every one came to scrape Acquaintance with me, and claim Brother hood, labouring who should be the first that might instruct me in the Ways of the House and my Duty, also an Account of the several Hours of Mattins, Times of Confession, Rules of Abstinence and Pennance; giving me a Prospect of their Images, and abundance of superstitious Trumpery: But my Mind run more to wheedle out of them what Stock of Money they had, that I might make my Markets and be gone: And the better to do it, I shewed a strict Compliance with all the Drudgery and Inconveniency that was enjoyned me; and pretending a rigorous Mortification, I often got up at the Cock's first crowing, under Pretence of disciplining my naked Body; when indeed, I was so tender of my Hide, that I only lashed the Bed-posts; yet the Noise of the Stripes made those within hearing grow pitiful, and exhort me to be more compassionate, least too much fermenting the Blood, should impair my Health: To which, I only answered with Sighs, and repeated Stroaks; and by such means raised most, to such an Opinion, that they stiled me a second *Ignatius*, Founder of the Jesuits Order; and proceeded to tell me the Story of his Progress, with a thousand lying Wonders thrust into his Life, and as many Miracles of the same Stamp, since his Death:

Death: which made me more impatient to shew them a Jesuit's Trick, that Order being chiefly notorious in deceiving all that put Confidence in 'em; creeping into Princes Courts and Closets, as pernicious Spyes, upon their Ways and Actions, wheedling them into ruin, that in their Fall, they may make good their own Advantage, or Revenge: But to wave this Digression, and come to the Purpose.

Although I had made it my Business to be Eagle-sighted, and watchful on all Occasions, leaving no Corner unsought, I could not a long Time make any Discovery where their Treasure lay, and I found it in vain to ask them who had vowed perpetual Poverty, and pretended for ever to have shaken Hands with *Mammon*, though by the by, I found them to be Hypocrites, and such as had taken up this Way of living, to flow in Ease and Plenty; those that were daily sent abroad, never returning but well loaded, they declining to trust me with important Secrets; till, as they told me, the Time of my Probation was expired, it not being the Custom of the Order to do otherwise, when it so luckily hit to my Advantage, that one Day, only the Superior Brother and I, were left at home, and thinking now or never to try an Experiment, whilst he reposed in the Dormitory, I set a small back Shed, standing a little Way off, on Fire, and running to him in a great Confusion, crying we were all in a Blaze, by a Flash of Lightning that had fallen on our House; he started, as much affrighted, between sleep and awake, and run down a little dark Pair of Stairs, descending into a Vault, which convinced me their *Diana* was earthed in that Place, taking no further Notice, I went to quench the inconsiderable Conflagration, and having pretently effected it, returned to assure him the Danger was past; and I had thought it greater than it proved, whereupon he came up, bringing a Bundle of Parchments in his Hand, being a Manuscript, containing the Lives of the Founders of their Order, &c. which he said he had newly written, and highly valued, but this was not a sufficient

ent Blind to my quick Apprehension; I fancied there must be something extraordinary, that made him so eager on the first Thought, when taking a fit Opportunity to pry more narrowly, and scraping the loose Dust with my Fingers, I espied a Piece of Cork, which stopped a little Key-hole belonging to a Trap door in the Floor, or Bottom of the Vault, which made my Heart leap for Joy, as knowing I now had found the Nest I looked for: Concluding my Work as good as done, yet resolved not to be rash in the Undertaking, lest too much speed might marr the Matter; my Business for the future was to get the Key, which I was not long without, by picking his Pocket that carried it, as I sat by him at Dinner, and taking the Print in Bees wax, returned it, lest being missed I might be suspected; we had no Smith to imitate my Pattern, nor durst I venture to communicate it; but getting a Piece of Brazile Wood, hardening it a little in the Fire, I carved out a Key with my Knife, that with a little scraping, gave me a Prospect of my begging Brethrens Treasure, laid up for many Years, being so much, that I found my self scarcely able to travel with it; however I stowed the Gold, by sowing it in my Garments, and crammed what Silver I could in my Pockets, and feigning my self indisposed, desiring leave to walk to the next Village to take the Air for my Health sake; with some Difficulty I obtained it, and promising a speedy return, which I never intended, lest my Mendicants in a State of Poverty, according to the Tenor of their Vow, constraining them to observe it against their Will; and finding a Waggon on the Road, the Respect the Peasant bore to my Habit, prevailed to let me ride, without suspecting any thing, as knowing that Persons of this Order, range the Country for their Subsistence, so that driving apace, we got a considerable Quantity of Miles before the Sun declined.

The Waggoner being at the End of his Stage, and having given him a Benediction for his Kindness, as not daring to offer Money, I struck out of the Way, and

and got to a Pleasant Town about a Mile thence, and lodged in a little Hutt, as it is the Custom; the People being very charitable, bringing me all Necessaries, as thinking it meritorious to relieve me in that Habit, which I could have been very glad to have exchanged for any other; and a great many Questions they asked me of my Travels, &c. to all which I gave them suitable Answers, that nothing was suspected; but not caring to stay so near a Place I dreaded, next Morning many receiving my hopeful Benediction, with profound Devotion, as also some old Rags I pretended to be Relicks of departed Saints, kissing them with Fervency and Zeal; all I desired in lieu was, they would procure me any sorry Horse, to help me on with my Journey, being bound to *Orleance*, to pay a Vow I had lately made in our Lady's Church: To this they thankfully agreed, pitying my travelling Bare-foot, I having on purpose made my Feet bleed, to move their Compassion; and would have helpt me to Shoes, but knew it against the Rules of our Order: When I took my leave they followed me with good Wishes, some kissing my Feet, others my Garments, superstitiously, in a manner, idolizing they knew not what, so foolishly are besotted Biggots carried away with too much Priest-Craft,

My greatest Care was how to change my Habit; I knew it could not be done by purchasing, for that might occasion my Apprehending, as an Imposture, and cause a Scrutiny into my Life and Actions; and therefore at my next Stage, resolved to contrive it otherwise, and accordingly I sped, by begging a Suit of Cloaths, for one I pretended to have found robbed, stripped, and wounded on the Road, and lodged in a little House till my return, like good St, *Martin*, being careful for those in Distress, whatever Wants my self was reduced to; the more curious Inquirers were for accompanying me to visit my Patient, bringing Cordials, urging his Wounds were but slight, and Garments to cover his Nakedness, and carry him home, *unum necessarium*, one brought me a Coat, another

ther a Shirt, a third a Pair of Breeches, a fourth and fifth, Hat, Stockings, and Shoes, so that I was like to be made up of as many Parcels of divers Families, as a Citizen taking a Country Journey: I received them however very thankfully, and in the Morning very early left that Place, being but a very small Village, stripping in a Wood, about a Mile from thence, and left my sanctified Garments behind me, for those that found them to cut out into Relicks if they pleased, and avouch them to be the very same that St. Francis, or St. Dominick wore.

C H A P. XIII.

How being well mounted he met with a comical Adventure, and passing to Orleance, found a Fellow selling the Pope's Pardons, and Indulgences, and coming acquainted, choused the People out of a great deal of Money; but frighted from thence, for fear of apprehending, they went to Paris, the Tricks they play'd there, and the extraordinary Trick he put upon the Indulgence-Monger, and his passing to Ireland, &c.

HAVING unladed my precious Cargo into more convenient Stowage, I could travel with better Freedom; and turning my foundered Caffild adrift, to become a Wit and stray to the Lord of the Soil, I bought one tollerably good, being not a little proud to see my self once more well mounted, and from the slow Pace of Balaam's Ass, I before was confined to, now I scowred the Way with such speed, that I soon got to Orleance, without meeting with any considerable Adventure, unless the Observation of a fair Lady's Posteriors, &c. who, as if she would oblige me with noting what was a Clock by her Dial, fell off her Horse, and pitching on her Head, fairly exposed the Evidence of her Sex; nor could she be dis-entangled from the Stirrop, till like a kind Knight Errant, I relieved her from the comical Posture the Adventure had put her in, and seen her, blushing, and in Confusion,

sion, on her Palfry, dismissing her with a tender Kiss, or so forth.

Coming to *Orleance*, where I thought my self secure enough, I purchased better Apparel, and made my self pretty Sparkish, but had not been long there, e're a stroling Fellow came, in the Nature of a Mountebank, or Quack Doctor, pretending to have a Patent from his Holiness the Pope, to sell Pardons and Indulgences, for the remitting of Sins of any Nature, as our Bill-scatterers, with one Medicine pretend to cure all Diseases; but it seems they had gone off damnablely dull, the People not well approving his Credentials: Into this Fellow's Company I insinuated, and found him, though an unlearned Block-head, to be somewhat a cunning Deceiver; yet he having no great Stock of Money, I resolved to put him in the Way of getting some, that it might redound to my Advantage; and having been teen by many to be somewhat familiar, I publickly owned my self to have seen him at *Rome*; and gave out, that I so well knew the Pope's Hand, having been Secretary to Cardinal *Cibo*, that I was well assured, that those Pardons were as authentick as any his Holiness had ever distributed: This gained him a little more Credit; but our Project worked not yet to the purpose: In brief, inviting divers to Supper, in the Evening, the Pope-Doctor and I took Occasion, at Words purposely let fall, to quarrel, and though many Endeavours were us'd, to pacify us, by the Company (who wondered at so strange an Alteration) but all to no purpose; we parted that Night with many threatening Words, and vowing Revenge: Next Day, with a Bribe, he got leave of a half witted Priest, to make a Mountebank's Stage of his Pulpit, and harangue the People from thence, about the excellent Benefit that must necessarily accrue to those that purchased his proper Stuff, and the Danger of them that neglected so great a Favour, and should happen to dye without Confession, &c. with abundance of such like Cant, and Fustain; but as he was about to proceed, and the People in great Crowds gaping,

gaping, with their Mouths at half cock, to hear the End of his Discourse, I pressed into the Middle of them, in a great Rage, and, as it had been agreed, commanded him to come down, and not dare be so villainous, and wickedly impudent, as to put a Cheat upon the People, for his Indulgences were counterfeit, and none of the Pope's, and that I had been bribed to bely my self, in what I had said to their Advantage, with a great deal more of the like Nature, aggravated with Reproaches.

The old Deceiver, with *Geneva* up lifted Eyes, gave me the Hearing, moving his Lips, and mumbling, as if he had been in a fervent Prayer; but I no sooner made an end, e're he began to tell the wondering Crowd (who murmured like a hollow Wind in a Wood) that I was a Detractor and Slanderer, raised by the Devil to prevent their Good, and that if they would have Patience, the Matter should be decided by a sudden Judgment upon him, if he was in the Wrong, or upon me, if I had abused and slandered him; and thereupon lifting up his Eyes, and mumbling again, I took the Hint, and having a Piece of *Spanish* Sope in my Mouth, fell a foaming and staring so frightfully, that the People began to start from me, but perceiving, after some staggering I fell, and lay sprawling, beating my Head, Feet, and Elbows-against the Ground. seemingly, in a piteous Manner, roaring and crying out for Mercy, as if I had had the *Gadarean Legions* in my Guts; they strove to ho'd me, which four or five had much Difficulty to do, so strongly I struggled, that they might not perceive the Cheat, whilst others came to the Doctor, to the effect of whose Holy Prayers, they ascribed what had happened, intreating him, since the Truth was sufficiently demonstrated, to hasten and save my Life; but he kept in his Posture, little regarding what they said, till he perceived I was almost spent with struggling, and then proceeded to sprinkle me with some Holy Water, when to Act the Comedy to the Life, I roared like a Bum-bailiff under a Grays-inn Pump; then

then he began to mutter and mumble over me, laying one of the Pardons on my Mouth, to give me, as he said, Utterance of Truth, desiring the People to take notice, that an over ruling Power should in spite of my Mallice, compel me to confess, the Devil, to hinder so great a Good, had put a Slander into my Mouth: This being done, and the Matter noised abroad, People came running with ready Money from all Parts, and happy were they that could be admitted to purchase our Ware, whilst they lasted, at any Rate; so that coming in for a Snack, I increased my Store, yet could not but regret how ignorant People were fooled and imposed on; but the Bishop of the Diocess, who perhaps had not been a Stranger to such Tricks himself, hearing what had happened, immediately smelt a Rat, and sent to apprehend us, but having timely Notice, we got out of the Town in the Evening, and posted to *Paris* with a large stock of Money: I not being willing to part with my Indulgence Doctor, till I had showed him a Trick in earnest, and eased him of his Golden Fleece; being at *Paris*, I changed what Silver I had into Gold and Jewels, for the lighter Conveyance, and feasted nobly, entertaining the sparkish Ladies, and trying the Difference of Nations; when in the height of my Jollitry, nothing run more frequently in my Mind, than how I might trick my foregoing Doctor, many Things I harped on, but the Strings moved to so harsh a Tune, I thought it difficult in a strange Place, to play my Jig to the Purpose: He still forged his Indulgences, stamping them with Lead, in Imitation of the Fishers Seal, used by the Popes of *Rome*; and not daring to be publick so near the Court, for fear of being detected, delivered them upon a Promise of Secresy into the Hands of such as he could Cully into a belief of their Sanction, when rambling one Day I heard of a Doctor, famous for curing the Lunacy, and having heard somewhat a Pleasant Adventure of this Kind, I resolved to try an Experiment, when going to the Fellow who kept this Place, I found him as grave as a Judge, with a Furr Gown, and

Cap, in Quadrangle, and no sooner I approached, but taking his Chair of State, he demanded, in a lofty Manner, the Cause of my coming, when composing a dejected Countenance, and screwing up a sower Face, I told him I was an unfortunate Creature, in-being constrained to be with an Uncle, (upon whom indeed my temporal Fortune really depended) that by too much Study of Theology, and deep Misteries of Divinity, had run into a Distraction, and many times in the Height of his Fits, put me in Danger of my Life, with the next Weapon that came to Hand, but when the Vapours had given way to a more Moderation, his Tongue ran of nothing but his granting Pardons and Indulgences, &c. and being as infallible as the Pope, intermixing other confused and extravagant Expressions, and having once, with much Difficulty, got him into a House of this Nature, at *Orleance*, he made his Escape, and came to *Paris* to my Mother's, his Sister, being ever since shy of a strange House; however, if your Reverence will undertake to do him Good, I'll bring him at any hazard, and you shall be largely rewarded; to this he replied, I need not doubt of his Performance, nor fear a second Escape, if once he came into his Hands; and, continued he very gravely, as for his Shyness, if you can bring him near the Door, we have a Trick to get him in, without opening of it: I demanded how that I might be better versed in that Matter; why, proceeded he, if you come in the Dusk of the Evening, the best Time for such an Exploit, you shall find a Chair, let down by a Rope, from an upper Story, to be drawn up by a Pully, or Winch, large enough for two to sit in, place him and your self in it, and you have no more to do, but hold him fast, and fear not to find your selves presently housed; this Advantage being more than I expected, made me instantly promise to use my Endeavour, and as an earnest of a better Penny, gave him four Crowns, being scarce able to refrain Laughter, at the Conceit, all the Way to our Lodging; and finding my Indulgence Doctor very merry at Gaming, called him

him aside, and whispered that I had found a very worthy Family, that desired to be accommodated with his Pardons, having privately heard of his being in *Paris*, but Ignorant of his Lodging; however, I had promised Mounseur to bring him in the Evening, whereupon he joyfully thanked me, and no sooner had the Sun withdrawn its glorious Light, but away we went: I soon found the Chair, standing behind a Nook, that eald to a back Door, like a Screen with Elbows, and told him I was appointed to sit there till we saw some one peep out at the Window, to give us Notice the House was clear of Strangers; whereupon he clapped himself by me, and I pretending to whisper him in the Ear, throwing my Arms about his Neck, which was the Token, we were immediately hoisted in the Air, flying like Witches upon winged Dragons, but whilst he, not perceiving the Rope or *Engine*, taking it for some Inchantment, was hugging me as close, crying out as loud as his Fear would suffer him, Mercy, Mercy, or this Devil will break our Necks: I had the Leisure to plunder his Pockets of his Keys and Money, which he minded not in that Fright, e're we were crained into a Room three Pair of Stairs, and from thence let down on the inside to a dark Place, with as sudden a Motion, soon finding our selves aground, which he taking to be no less than Purgatory, or a worse Place, for the Punishment of his Imposture, threw away his Bundle, acknowledging his Fault, and fell to howling on the Saints for Help, perfuming the Place with the strong Scent of his Posteriors, and making a thousand Vows for Deliverance, but was more terrified when he beheld a Door open, and 4 or 5 Fellows come in with Cords, Chains, and other Implements, roughly handling and seizing him, whom they distinguished from me, by the Marks given, whilst I had the Opportunity to slip out; I could hear him in the next Apartment, roar hideously, and perceiving they were Men, and not Devils, as at first he conceived, he made many *Apologies*, but all availed him nothing, they were deaf to his pretences, of his

coming thither to sell Pardons and Indulgences, looking upon it as the Effects of his Distemper; they had no sooner bound him, but they clap'd him into a Bed, blooded and shaved him, rubbing him with Oils, and Fomentations, till they had in a Manner really distracted him.

Seeing my Project thus far take Effect, I took my leave of the House, distributing 4 Crowns more, with Promise of returning the next Day, to inquire after the Health of my Uncle, leaving the Trumpery to recruit him, when he got clear of his Tormentors, and immediately travelled to *Diopé*, where finding some Ships bound for *Ireland*, and longing once more to see my native Country, being worn, as I hoped, out of Remembrance, I arrived at *Dublin*, and there, upon the Revolution, found all Things in Hurry and Disorder, where the Rabble *Irish*, who are naturally inclinable to Outrages, made Conscience the Pretence of their Actions, for burning and plundering, in so horrible a Manner, that the Face of Things seemed to be changed; and perceiving the threatening Disolation, forced such as could, to make their Escapes for *England*, at the same time considering little could be got in a Country, likely to be the Seat of War, for sometime; finding a favourable opportunity, I wasted over to *Holley Head*, and from thence journied to *London*, where at the writing of these Passages of my Life, I remain, but being given up to a rambling Genius, it cannot be expected I shall long continue in one Place, but may, perhaps, if this be favourably received, give a further Account of my Progress on the terrestrial Stage; and so for this Time farewell.

T H E

THE
Gold-Merchant;

Or, The Notorious Cheats of

TURLOUGH,

AND HIS

Man PATRICK.

Far Umper na Fuole.

Among the many remarkable Tricks related in this History, there's none deserves more the Attention of the Reader than the following, being managed by an ignorant Country Fellow; who, by the natural Simplicity of his Look, and an artful Affectation of Folly; pass'd upon the World as a stupid, innocent Bumpkin, incapable of forming the least Design or Intrigue, which gave him the Advantage of carrying on his Cheats successfully a long Time, without being in the least suspected. What Province or Country he was born in I could not Learn; but that he was bound Apprentice to a Mason near Clonbullock in the King's County, who died before he had serv'd Time enough to understand the Trade. Some time before his Master's Death, he pick'd up an Acquaintance with an expert Tinker, who had Skill in running down Metal, and upon Occasion was not backward in coining a Piece of Silver or Gold to answer

his Necessities. This same Tinker had been tried for his Life, for Facts of this kind, both in *Naas* and *Armagh*, and found Means to get off in both Places. The Indictment upon which he was tried in *Armagh*, was for making and uttering a bad Pistole, where seeming on his Trial to know nothing of the Matter, he said that not above three Pistoles had passed through his Hands in his Life, and that he could know them every one again; at the same Time he begg'd leave to see the Piece he was charged with uttering, and if he had pass'd it he would not deny it; upon this it was given into his Hand to be examin'd.

While he was viewing the Piece he pretended to taste it, but took an Opportunity of drawing another out of his Mouth instead of it, exactly like it, which he said was the same Piece he had pass'd, and would prove it to be right good Gold; accordingly it was tried and found good, by which Stratagem he got clear.

Turlough having got a little Insight into the Business grew sick of the Masonry, and immediately fell upon new Schemes. By some means or other he procured as much Gold as made a small Ingot, which he used as a Decoy. With this he moved toward's *Allen*, where meeting with a simple, honest, *English* Countryman, fit enough to serve his Turn, he took him out into a private Place, and gave him the following Relation. I was Prentice, says he, wid a Mason, and at *Easter* when my Master went abroad, he left my self and anodder Printice to make a paar of Peers for a Gaat in *New Abby* in the County of *Kildare*, just hard by the Old Building. Both of us had a mind to maak as good a Work while my Master wou'd be from us, and better nor as he'd stay wid us himself; and I went wid my self alone, wid a Crow in my Hand, to get some good Stones out of the old Walls that wou'd be sitting for us, though it was *Easter Monday* and the Peoples all at Mass. I saw one Plaas about so big as a Door stopp'd up wid the Sort of Stones I wanted, and so I fell to Work, striving to get 'em out and taak 'em along wid me to my Combrade; but before I got the

the haaf of 'em out, I found there was Steps in before me, going down like Stairs, and I went in to see what sort of a Plaas there was there, and where should the Steps be after bringing my self to, but into a dark Room, I believe it is a Waut you'll call it; and what shou'd I find thare, but a Parshill of Shefts, and I thought they were Coffins full of Bones, but when I struck my Crow against one of 'em, I found it's Iron they were made of; and upon that I wint out and stoped the Hole up again, for fear any Body wou'd find it and go in before Night. When it was dark, my self and my Combrade along wid me, wint in there wid a Candle and a dark Lanthorn, and what shou'd we find in the Chests, whin we broke 'em open wid the Crow, but Bars like dis (pulling out his Ingot) piled a top of one another a Yard high, and fait I believe it is Gold, *Dar a nugh agus dar a nagh* look at it, There was another Sheft full of the same Sort of dis, and more of 'em full of Crosles, Chalicees, Rings and fine shining Stones; my Comrade has one of 'em, and a Gintleman says it is a Carbuncle; do you know what Sort's dat? But what would you have of it? we took 'em all out of dat, and buried them in anoder Plaas 'till we got time to look 'em all over; for fear of the Mannor, if he hears of it, he'll come and taak it from us. You must not tell any Body, only if you have any Friendl would give us a little Monies, he should have a great Bargain, for my self does not know the Wort of such Sort, and may be too, af I'll take 'em to the Goldsmith's in *Dublin*, he'll Shallenge us wid 'em, and fait, may be we'd get nothing for 'em, but go to Jail after: If you have any Friend that's an honest Man, we wou'd rather let him have a Bargain for your Sake than give it to a Stranger; there's a Crown among it two, which they say was belong to the King of *Scotland*.' The Farmer hearing the Fellow talk'd so simply, verily imagined that he was a meer Ignoramus, and thought all that he had said was as true as the Hearth-Money; however he kept his Counsel as far as proper, and desired

Turlough to have his Treasure in Readiness, and not to shew it to any Body for fear of losing it, 'till he got an Opportunity of acquainting some of his Friends, who, he was sure, had a good deal of Money lying by, and would purchase the whole. By this Artifice the Story was whisper'd about very privately, from Hand to Hand, among such People as were suppos'd to have Money, who were mostly so intent upon engrossing the Treasure every one to himself, that, for Fear of being prevented, they even would not give their Wives an Item of it.

At length People that had Money came privately from all Parts to seek *Turlough*, in Hopes of making their Fortunes: but in Fact it was only to lose them. The first, that he made a perfect Master of the Secret, was an Innkeeper from the County of *Kilkenny*, who had brought a pretty Handful of Money with him, and a Portmanteau, in order to purchase a large Quantity of the Gold; but *Turlough*, as great a Fool as he pretended to be, was resolv'd not to be caught in any Trap, and absolutely refus'd to sell any of his ware under that Denomination, for fear of bringing himself into Trouble, and gave such sufficient Reasons for so doing, that the Purchaser seem'd to have no Mistrust of a Bite. Says he, 'I don't sell you my Ngits for Gold; that would be the Way to be found out by the Lord of the Mannor, who has the first Prentension to every Sort of the Kind that's found in his Ground any way, and to be sure he'd have the Gold above any thing else: I'll tell you what I'll do wid you; give me so much Monies as will buy tin good Cows to maintain my self, and I'll give you so much of the Sort I found in the *Old Abby* as ever you can carry away wid you in that leathern Bag behind you: But you must give me your Oat first that you won't open it 'till you get home, nor tell any Body how much Gold you have, nor how you got it; and dis is some of the Sort I found;' (laying his Ingot on a Brick and pointing to it with his Finger) 'now how much Moneys will you give me and

I'll

‘ I’ll fill your Bag ?’ The Bargain was agreed to, and the Purchaser sworn to Secrecy ; then *Turlough* led him in the Night to a convenient Field for his Purpose, pretending a great deal of Fear, least any one should see or hear them, and having blindfolded him, he took the Portmanteau a little further, where he filled it with Pieces of Bricks, Stones and Hay, and, when he had lock’d it, he put the Key in his Pocket and return’d with the Load. The Innkeeper was overjoy’d at his Bargain, and having paid *Turlough* about forty Pounds, Earnest Money, he put the Load up behind him and rode home Post-haste, promising to pay the Remainder on the Delivery of the Key. which the Gold-finder was to give him in two Days after at his own House, where he was to meet him and take an Account of the Ware : But the Innkeeper waited two Days three times to’d before *Turlough* appeared with the Key, and might have waited ’till Dooms day, only his Impatience prompted him to be fingering the Gold ; upon which he ripp’d open the Portmanteau. and finding how confoundedly he was outwitted, he fell sick of a splenetic Fever, which had like to have cost him his Life : However he was so much ashamed of his Bargain, that he could not tell how to divulge the Secret for some Months after.

The Rumor of his finding such immense Treasure was spread abroad with such Artifice, that Hundreds were appriz’d of it, yet every Man that had Money, and heard it, imagin’d himself first in the Baby-house, and strove very eagerly to make his Market before others knew any thing of the Affair. I heard of a very responsible Merchant’s Son in the ——— County, that had just receiv’d a considerable Fortune with his Wife, who, upon having Notice thereof, made Preparations for disposing of all his Effects, in Order to purchase the whole Treasure, (Crown, Jewels and all,) and to carry them to France, about the Time the present *French* King was married, expecting to make a Million of Money by the Bargain, and to be able at his Return to purchase the whole Country before him ; but

the gay Man, his Father, being a Person of better Experience in the World, suspected some Deceit, and (though with Difficulty) dissuaded his Son from engaging in so hazardous a Project.

Turlough had such good Fortune by his Schemes, that in a little Time he was able to make a new Ingot of real Gold, which weighed about twelve Ounces, in the Shape of a small Bar, and this he carried about for a Decoy. Besides he was supplied by one of his Accomplices from *Dublin* with Brass Bars of the same Size and Form, gilded or colour'd over, so that any Person not well Skill'd in Metals might be easily deceiv'd, and not know one from the other. He had likewise the Luck to pick up an Acquaintance with one *Patrick Farrel*, an ill inclin'd young Fellow, whose usual Employment was to carry Meat from the Butchers in *Dublin* to Gentlemen in the Country; He presently found that this Fellow would be very fit for his Purpose, in as much as he was intimate with several People of good Credit in *Dublin*, and so he let him into the Secret. This *Patrick* told his Story concerning the Treasure with such a seeming Probability, that Numbers entertain'd him, and treated him with abundance of Courtesie, in order to get him to introduce them to *Turlough*; However he always enjoin'd them to Secrecy, still pretending the greatest Friendship imaginable to those he told it to, by which means he drew Numbers in search of the Gold. 'Tis really a Wonder that among so many as came from all Parts in quest of this Treasure, that some of them did not blab out to one another what their Business was: But the Mystery lay here, Those that were in Pursuit kept Counsel of Necessity, and such as were bit, were under such Obligations, or so much ashamed of their Bargains, that they could not tell how to discover or expose their Weakness.

Their most usual Way of imposing on Customers was this. After the Buyers had been properly inform'd of the Treasure, and Manner of finding it, and so wrought up into a firm Belief of the Certainty thereof, without

without shewing any Tokens of Mistrust; then *Turlough* began to expose the Gold Bar which he called Brass, as a Sample of his Treasure, always prompting his Chapmen to try it, letting them call it what they pleas'd. When they had fully satisfied themselves concerning the Value of the Metal, a Bargain was commonly concluded upon: In the mean while *Turlough* always took Care by one Means or other to exchange the Gold Bar for another of Brass, of which Sort he would furnish his Customers with as many as were proper; then as it was customary with him, he demanded either the Money or sufficient Earnest, which being laid down on one side of the Table and the Ngits (as he call'd them,) on the other: 'Now, *says he*, 'here is my Ware, it is Brass I call it, and 'will sold it to you for Brass and nothing else, but 'your self konws the Sort best, I hope you will have 'good Luck wid it; of you don't like it leave it wid 'my self; here is your Monies, taak your Shoice; 'I'll be bound to get more: But if you keep my Ngits you must buy it for Brass, and call it Brass; and 'you shall give me your Oat you will never say you 'bought Gold, nor tell what you give for my Ngits, 'for fear the Lord of the Mannor wou'd come and taak 'it all wid himself.' He frequently appear'd to be in Liquor, and by these kind of Speeches, which seem'd to proceed from perfect Ignorance, his Customers only became ten times more earnest than before, making no Scruple to give an Oath of Secrecy; which being done they seldom made any Delay 'till they got home with the Treasure; But as particular Instances may be more satisfactory, I shall relate two or three, to render him in more lively Colours.

In the Beginning of his Prosperity, in Company with the said *Patrick*, he took a Jant down to *Dublin* with the Ingot of real Gold in his Pocket, and several Bits of Brats as like it as could possibly be made. In the Habit of a mean Country Farmer, he went to an eminent Banker in *Castle-Street*, and finding him alone he drew out his Ingot, and began to make his Condi-

tion

tion and Case known in the most moving and pathetic Manner. Says he, ' God bless your Worship, Sir; every Body knows you have the best Skill in the Sort of dis of any Man in *Dublin*, (shewing his Ingot in Paper) ' because you deal so much in the Monies; I believe it is the Sort they make the Guineas of.' Well says the Banker what would you have me do with it? Why God bless your Worship, Sir my Landlord is heard upon me for the Rint, and he says he'll drive my Cattles away from me as I don't pay him next Munday. My Father, and my Father's Father, and his Father before him had this Piece in the Family, and there's no Luck nor Grace wou'd ever stay in the same Plaas wid me as I'd sell it; but for all that (dropping some Tears) I must borrow some Monies upon it or my Family will be undone; God bless you, Sir, you know the wort of dis Sort; strive to relieve me, and I'll pray for you ever. Upon this the Banker took pity on him, yet not willing to depend intirely on his own Judgment, he sent the Ingot out to his Goldsmith to be tried, who sent him Word back that it was good Gold. The Banker then would have been very willing to have purchas'd it at a moderate Price, but the other refus'd to sell; and not only so, but was for borrowing more upon it, and at longer Time than the Banker approved of: So *Turlough* took the Ingot lapped it up in the same Paper, and went out in Pretence of seeking Redress from some Body else, upon the same Security; but he had not gone many Steps from the Door, before he took an Opportunity of putting a Bit of Brass in the Place of the Ingot, and returned with it so lapp'd up to the Banker again. Says he, (giving a Sigh, with a sorrowful Countenance, wringing his Hands, and dropping a few Tears) ' *Mo crach ghear*, I must sell dis or borrow some Monies upon it to stop my Cattles: I believe you will give me so much as any Body for it, and as I don't release it against *Christmas-Day*, I won't ask it any more.' The Banker then told him out what he offered before, and

and a Guinea over, thinking him a simple, ignorant Fellow, and then laid his Bargain up in a Drawer; without examining it, thinking that it was worth above fifteen Pounds more at least. Some Time after *Christmas* the Banker had some Company at Dinner with him, to whom he related after what manner he had bought a great Bargain of Gold from a silly Countryman. They were all desirous of seeing it, and when one of the Gentlemen viewed it, he said it was not Gold; upon which the Banker held him a Bottle of Wine to the contrary, and had it tried over again; but to his Mortification was obliged to yield the Wager lost, which put him intirely out of Humour, though it proved very good Diversion to the rest of the Company, to see a Banker outwitted by a Fool, who never intended to pay him another Visit.

When he and his Man *Patrick* had pretty well seduced, and defrauded a great Number of the *Dubliners* out of their Money, for Bits of Brass instead of Gold, they grew enraged against him, and began to dog *Patrick* to his Lodgings, and to the Country, thinking to take him before a Justice; but he observing it gave them the Slip, and posted away to his Master, who had retired to the Wood of *Allen*, where he usually spent the most of his Time. As soon as *Turlough* understood that People endeavoured to take him; says he, *Dar a nagh agus dar a nagh* We will go to *Connaught*. And their Effects being easily carried, and Affairs settled, after drinking a Belly full of Brandy, their common Liquor, they began their Journey, not in the direct Road, but through the *Queen's County*, where *Turlough* was obliged to make a longer Stay than he expected, occasioned by a Misfortune that befell him. It happened, that while he passed through this last County, a Man of some Figure purchased some of his Ngits of Brass, for which he had paid *Turlough* a pretty round Sum of Money: In a few Days after, the Gentleman exposed his Bargain to a Goldsmith in *Dublin*, with a Design of converting Part of it into Plate for his Family, and to make Money of
the

the rest; but to his Sorrow being thoroughly made sensible of the Fraud, he posted home, and upon Search had the good Fortune of seizing *Turlough*, whom he got committed to *Maryborough* Goal, where he remained under Confinement 'till the next Assize. At length his Trial came on, and a vigorous Prosecution was made against him; and to be sure the Jury could have thought no better of him than he deserved, only that when he was asked what he had to say for himself, he asked his Prosecutor several crooked Questions, 'till he obliged him to acknowledge, that *Turlough* told him at the Time they made the Bargain that his Ware was Brass, and that he sold it for Brass and no other. *What would you have din? and is not it Brass? Sure that's no Sheat for a Man to sell his Guts by the right Name? I will leave it to my Lord Judge and the Gentlemen of the Jury.* In short, he filled the Court with Surprise and Laughter, to see how artfully he could evade the Force of the Law, though in Appearance he seemed like a Fool: However, the Jury sat upon it, yet they could not bring him in guilty of what he was accused, upon which he was acquitted.

Now he thought every Hour a Day 'till he got into some remote Place, and so hastened away with his Man *Patrick* to *Connaught*, where having no Acquaintance, they remained under some Difficulties before they got into a Way of getting a Livelyhood, and so were under a Necessity of making the former Spoil of the *Dubliners* maintain them, (of which they had still a good Plenty left, and lived very liberally, drinking Wine and Brandy very profusely) 'till at last *Patrick* got acquainted with one *Dominick D*——— it a rich Farmer's Son, and a sharp insinuating Youth, who was very intimate with several Gentlemen in that Country. It was beneath a Man of *Turlough's* Fortune to seek Customers himself, wherefore *Patrick* was to manage that Point, who, thinking that this young Man would make a fit Bait for his Hook, told him the whole Story concerning the finding of the Treasure, as before related; that for fear of the Lord of the Man-

—nor,

nor, who heard of it, they fled into that Country to conceal it, and be more private. They were over a Cup of Liquor at this Time, and *Patrick* pretending to be drunk, called the other aside and spoke very privately, desiring him to let no Body know but his nearest Friends, who, on his Account only, should get good Bargains.

Young *D* — it was overjoy'd at the News, and returned in to talk with *Turlough* without Delay or Suspicion. *Turlough*, knowing his Inclination, pulled out his Ingot of Gold, and swore the young Man to Secrecy. who was charmed with the Beauties of the Metal; and being very desirous that his Friends should make their Fortunes, he brought his Uncle to *Turlough*, who told him his usual Story, (like an ignorant Fellow as he pretended to be) with great Artifice; and having charged him pretty high with Liquor, he got all the Man's Money, and sent him home with Gits in lieu of it: But in some Days having discovered the Fraud, he complained to *Dominick's* Father, and poor *Dominick* was turned out of Doors for his Pains. This was what *Turlough* wanted in his Heart, and as soon as he heard thereof he returned to *Cloncumber*, a scrubby Island in the Bog of *Allen*, surrounded with Rivers and Quagmire: At a small Distance from the Island stands a Wood, from which to the Island there is a Passage, but then a great Part of it is commonly covered with Water, and very difficult to find; and on the Middle of the Island there is a Fort, whereon if a Man stands, he may view the Country round for some Miles, and see every Body that comes near it. Here he fixed his Lodgings; so that when any that he knew not came on the Wood-Side, he commonly would take to the Bog, but if on the Bog Side, to the Wood; and here he carried on his Game for a long Time, never coming out but to make his Bargains, and then only in sure Company to such Houses as he well knew.

Patrick had given an Item to *Dominick* where they intended to go, who being turned out, as aforesaid, followed them in Expectation of getting his Money returned;

turned; but *Turlough* shewed him so many Legerdemain Tricks, that he soon found it was but in vain to expect any such Thing, and so knowing he had no Business home without it. he became a dissolute young Fellow, and joined his Forces along with his new Company.

'Tis true, he returned to *Connaught*, but then it was only for a Decoy, and to make a Prey of others. He brought a Collector with him from *Eyre's court* to *Cloncumber*, whom *Turlough* first swore to keep Secrecy, and then sold him some of his Bars at a very good Rate, only with this Liberty, upon his Oath, that if any one asked what he had bought, to say it was Brass; And, says he, '*Dar a nugh a dar a nab*, I believe it is, for I don't 'know Gold.' But when the Collector found out the Cheat, he was exasperated, and watching his Opportunity, had *Turlough* taken up and sent to Goal, and tried. *Turlough* told the Judge on his Trial that when he was selling him the Brass, he made him swear, he would tell every one he spoke to about it, that it was Brass: *And what else should I call it*, (says he) *for it was Brass, like disb*, (producing one of the Gits) which set the Court into a Fit of Laughter; and *Turlough* appearing so very ignorant in Metal, and so innocent in the Matter, was acquitted.

After this he removed to the Woods near *Clonbullock*, where he followed his Trade as brisk as ever; sometimes sending away lead Horses with Portmantaus, and sometimes Cars with Chests loaden with Gits, or else Bricks nicely lapped up in Paper; but he always took care to keep the Keys himself, promising to meet them at such a Place, as appointed, and they not to meddle with the Treasure before he met them.

But when the Time expired, his Chap-men commonly began to suspect some Fraud, and of Consequence would break open the Locks to examine what they had got. One Fellow that had made Money of all his Effects to purchase this Treasure, upon opening

ing his Portmanteau, found nothing but Bicks carefully lapped up in Paper which exasperated him to such a Degree, that he went back armed, in pursuit of *Turlough*; but *Turlough* had removed to the Island, as he always did when he mistrusted a Pursuit, where he might rest secure enough 'till he thought proper to appear again. His absconding in this Manner made the Fellow's Search but vain, so that he was obliged to return home with Loss and Shame.

Not long after this, a pretty Farmer in the County of *Limerick* hearing that such a Heap of Treasure was to be disposed of privately, came up with his Wife, and all the Money he could raise, in order to make his Fortune for ever. He found *Turlough* near *Rathangan*, and when he had made a very good Bargain, as he thought, and got a large Quantity of the Treasure into Possession, the *Goldfinder* shewed as much more, to tempt him; the Man having laid out all the Money he brought with him, was in no Condition to buy more then: However he had an Itch to be at it, and began to treat about the Price, which being agreed upon they entered into Articles, and the Man was to return home with what Treasure he had bought, leaving his Wife in pledge with the *Goldfinder*'s 'till he brought the rest of the Money back to *Turlough*. When he got home, he put up the Treasure without shewing it to any Body, and sold two Draught-Mares he had for about thirty Pounds, with which Money he went back to *Rathangan* in about fifteen Days; but when he came to the Alehouse where he left them, he could find no Body that he knew but his Wife, who informed him that the *Goldfinders* were gone to some Island above three Days before, and intended to see him no more; and upon some other Words that she dropp'd, he not only began to smell the Cheat, but was so much blinded with a Pair of Horns that sprung out of his Forehead that Moment, and hung in his Eyes, that he spent a Month in groping the Way home again.

The last Story that I shall be particular in, is of a certain

certain Gentleman well skill'd in Metal, a sharp Man, and one that was resolv'd not to be impos'd on as he had heard some others had been. He was introduced to *Turlough* by one of his young Men before mention'd, and after a good deal of Discourse over the Liquor, he let him know that he would buy no Metal but such as he would first try with some thing he had in his Pocket, pulling out a Bottle of *Aquafortis*. *Turlough* seeing him so curious pulled out his Ingot of Gold, and pretending to be drunk, says he, *Try disb for I tink it is Gold, dar a nugh agus dar a nah*, which was his usual Expression. Upon this the Gentleman tried the Bar, which he found was good Gold, and laid the Bottle on the Table expecting to see more in a little Time. *Turlough* got up as if he was going for it, but staggering about the Room like one in Liquor he watch'd his Opportunity, and getting hold of the Bottle, *Arra* (says he) *what sort is disb*, and as he was shaking it a Drop or two fell on his Fingers and smok'd; Then seeming to be terribly affrighted, he cries out as if in great Pain, *O mo veear; O mo deear*; and at the same Time threw the Bottle against the Wall and broke it: Now farewell, *Aquafortis*. The Gentleman taking this for no other than the Effects of Drunkenness and Ignorance, said nothing at all about the Bottle but laughed at the Fellow for a bit of Game. However he took care to ask him for the rest of the Bars: Then *Turlough* told him that he had borrow'd some Money of a Priest hard by, with whom he had left most of the Bars in Pledge, and desired the Gentleman to lend him as much Money as would release them, to which he consented, provided that he and his Man should go with him to the Priest's. *Turlough* assented very readily, and waiting 'till it was dark, he took the Money and put it along with the Bar in his Pocket; He was so drunk, as he pretended, that he could not ride, but he went on Foot, along with the Gentleman and his Man, who rid, 'till he came to a River by the Side of a Bog. which he said was near the Priest's House. There was a Foot-stick over the
River,

River, and a Place a little above it like a Ford, through which he desired them to ride and he would meet them on the further Side; upon which they went in easily enough, but before they got to the Middle, the Horses stuck fast in the Mire, and threw the Riders into the Water, while *Turlough* was making his Escape with the Money, who left them and their Horses in the Water, to shift for themselves as well as they could, in a cold Winter's Night.

He play'd a hundred Tricks besides these, of which I have yet receiv'd no exact Account, but being advertis'd in the publick Papers in the Year 1733, he was much disappointed, and his Schemes broken, though he still keeps about *Clonbullock*. &c. sending out his Gang, to play at small Games now and then, with Rings, Buttons &c. 1737.

The End of the IRISH ROGUE.

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Letters of COURTSHIP

TO A

WOMAN of QUALITY,

AND

LOVE-LETTERS.

By the RIGHT HONOURABLE

J O H N,

L A T E

Earl of ROCHESTER.

From his Original P A P E R S.

D U B L I N :

Printed for, and Sold by JAMES DALTON, Book-
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Figure 3- A C T. 0. 5. 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 83

W E M A N O F C E A L I T Y

ONE-LEAF

И Н О

East of ROCHESTER.

From his Original P. M. P. A. S.

D. U. B. I. N. :

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

Letters of COURTSHIP,
AND
LOVE-LETTERS.

By the Late Earl of ROCHESTER.

IF it be a Crime in me, Madam, to love, 'tis your fair Self that's the Occasion of it; and if it be a Crime in me to tell you I do, 'tis my self only that's faulty. I confess, 'twas in my Power to have forborn writing, but I am satisfy'd I cou'd never have seen you, but the Language of my Looks wou'd have disclosed the Secret; and to what purpose is it to pretend to conceal a Flame that will discover it self by its own Light? In my mind there's more Confession in disordered Actions, frequent Sighs, or a complaining Countenance, than in all the Awful Expressions the Tongue can utter; I have been struggling with my self this three Months to discover a Thing which I now must do in three Words, and that is, that I adore you, and I am sure if you'll be just to your self, you cannot be so unjust to me, as to question the Reality of this Discovery, for 'tis impossible for you to be ignorant of the Charms you possess, no body can be Rich, and yet unacquainted with their Stores. And therefore, since 'tis certain, you have every thing wonderfully engaging, you must not take it ill that my Taste is as curious as another's, I shou'd do an injury to my own Judgment if it were not; I am not, Madam, so vain as to believe, that any thing I can act or utter shou'd ever perswade you to retain the least kind regard, in recompence of the Pain I suffer; I only beg leave and liberty to complain: They that
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are hurt in Service, are permitted to shew their Wounds; and the more gallant the Conquerour, the more generous is his Compassion. I ventur'd last Night to faulter out my Misfortune, 'twas almost dark, and I attempted it with greater boldness, nay, you your self (cruel and charming as you are) must needs take notice of my disorder; your Sentences were short and reprov'g; your Answers cold; and your Manner (contrary to your usual and peculiar Sweetness) was severe and forbidding, yet in spite of all the Awe and chill Aspect you put on, you must always appear most adorable too,

M A D A M,

*Your most lost and
Unfortunate humble Servant.*

By the same Hand.

YOU need not have laid an Obligation on me of Writing, who am so inclinable of my own accord, to tire you with Letters; 'tis the most agreeable thing I can do, and cou'd wish you thought it so too; but when I reflect upon the harshness of my Expressions, I must needs conclude, I have a greater regard to my own satisfaction in writing, than to your patience in Reading; the only way I know to make me write better, wou'd be to receive more frequent Letters from you, which would instruct me to do it; and I shou'd think it the greatest perfection of my Pen to imitate even the faults of yours (if there were any.) I have the satisfaction left me, that I am writing to one, that, tho' her Judgment be nice and discerning, her Interpretation is easy and candid; One that has not only the Brightness of Heaven to make me adore her, but also the goodness of it to forgive my offences; else I shou'd despair of Pardon for this too long Letter.

I confess, if I were to make a Recital of your Di-
vine

vine Qualities, an Age would be too small a Time to be employ'd in the Work: I should endeavour to paint your gay Airy Temper, and yet shadow it with all the Modesty and cautious Reservedness; you have an Humour so very taking, that, as it fires the serious, and dull, so it checks, and restrains the too forward; and as your Charms give Encouragement, so your wakeful Conduct creates despair. If the Paper and your Patience wou'd not fail me, I cou'd live upon this Subject; but whilst I do Justice to your Vertues, I offend your Modesty; and every offence against you, Madam, must be avoided as much as possible by him, all whose Happiness depends on pleasing you, as does that of,

M A D A M,

Your humble Servant.

By the same Hand.

AS I cannot reflect upon the Melancholy Appearance of things on *Sunday* and *Monday* last, without an affliction inexpressible, so I cannot think on the happy Change, without the most grateful Pleasure. Heavens! how my Heart sunk, when I found the tenderest part of my Soul seiz'd with an Indisposition, her Colour faded, the usual Gayety of her Temper eclips'd, her Tongue faltering, her Air languishing, and the Charming Lustre of her Eyes setting and decay'd! Instead of kind Expressions full of Love and Endearments, I could hear nothing but Complaints, and the Melancholly Effects of growing Illness. 'Tis true, (my dearest Life) tho' you are as beautiful as Light, tho' sweet and tender as a Flower in Spring, tho' gay and cheerful as dawning Youth, yet all these Perfections, that captivate others, cannot secure you against the Tyranny of Distempers; Sickness has no regard to your Innocence, but the same ruffling Tempest that tears up the common Weeds, blasts also the

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fragrant

fragrant Blushing Rose; But now, to the Eternal Peace of my satisfy'd Mind, the Feaverish Heat is extinguish'd, and your Charms recover their usual heavenly Brightness; I am the Unhappy' Wretch that feels their Force, and consumes of a Feaver never to be extinguish'd, but with the Life of,

M A D A M,

Yours, &c.

By the same Hand.

THis Morning I discover'd the Happy Signal at your Window, which was as welcome to me as a Cordial to fainting Spirits: Heavens grant the Design be real, Love is never free from Fears; and my presaging Mind bids me not be too confident. If there be any Sympathy in our Souls, as there is in our Manners and Humours, I am sure you must be very much indispos'd; for, all Night long, dreadful Fancies haunted me, and drove all soft and pleasing Ideas from me: The same Rest which guilty despairing Wretches and Feaverish Souls find in the Midst of their Agonies, was my lot all Night long: I could not, durst not slumber; and, as my Love grew more outrageous, my Apprehensions about you were more distracting. I cannot be well till I see you, which, if it be with your usual Charming Gayety, I shall be the most bless'd of Mortals: But if Pale Sicknes sit upon your Lips, Heavens grant it may also freeze the Blood of

Y O U R S.

By the same Hand.

IF Distraction be an Argument of Love. I need no other to convince you of my Passion: All my past Actions

Actions have discover'd it, since I had the honour to know you; tho' not any so sensibly as my Behaviour on Sunday-Night: My Reflection on it, gives me more pain than I can express, or you imagine; tho' in my Mind those Actions may be forgiven, that proceed from Excess of Love. My Letter will discover the Loss of my Senses, which I never had so much occasion for as now, especially when I presume to write to one of so much Judgment as your self; but you, my Dearest Creature, must look upon the Infirmities and Distress of a Love-sick Wretch, with the same Candour and Mildness that Heaven does upon you; and let all my Faults be forgiven by your tender Heart, that is design'd for nothing but Compassion, and all the Gentle Actions of softest Love. Whil'st I am preaching up Pity, I must remember to practise it my self, and not to persecute you with more Words, than to tell you, that I Love you to Death; and, when I cease to do it, may Heaven justly punish my broken Vows, and may I be as miserable as now I think my self happy. But as the greatest Passions are discover'd by Silence, so that must direct me to conclude.

Y O U R S.

By the same Hand.

I Am troubled at the Soul, to find my Dearest Life express her self with so much Concern: I am sure, till Death makes me cold, I shall never be so to one whose I entirely am, not so much by Vows as by the sincerest Passion and Inclination. No, my kind Dear, engaging Creature, sooner than utter one Sigh which is not for You, I would chuse to be the Contempt of Mankind, and an Abhorrer of my own loath'd Being. Your Person is too Charming, your Manner too winning, your Principles too honourable, ever to let a Heart escape, that you have once made entirely your

G e own ;

own; and, when mine is not so, may it fester in the
Breast of

YOURS.

By the same Hand.

TO expreis the grateful sence of the Obligation I
have to You, cannot be effectually done unless
I had your Pen. If You observe my Stile, You will
have reason to conclude I have not received your Inge-
nious Letter of Yesterday, which shou'd have been a
Precedent to me, and a Rule to Write by; I assure
You I am as well satisfy'd of the Reality of the Con-
tents of it, as I am of its Ingenuity. Your Sense is
clear, like Your Actions; and that Spirit that glows
in Your Eyes, shines in Your Lines. I may venture
to say, that Writing is not the least of Your Excellen-
cies, and if any thing cou'd perswade me to stay long-
er than *Friday* or *Saturday* here, it would be in Ex-
pectation of a second Letter from You. 'Tis my great-
est pleasure to hear You are well, and to have the hap-
piness of possessing in Thought, what is deny'd to my
Eyes; desiring the Continuance of them for no other
end, than to gaze upon my dear Conqueress, who, af-
ter a most engaging manner, has the way of kindly
killing

*Her humble and eternally
obliged Servant.*

By the same Hand,

I Hope, my dearest Life, will excuse this imperti-
nence, tho' I received her Commands not to write;
but when I tell her, that the Tumult of my Mind
was so extream, upon the Reflection of my late Fol-
ly, that I cou'd not rest, till I had acknowledgd my
Rashness;

Rashness; I hope she'll continue her usual Goodness of forgiving one, that cannot forgive himself. When I think of my Unworthiness, I rave. I have been treated by the dearest and best of Creatures, with all the Honour and Sincerity imaginable, and my Return has been Brutality and ill Manners, 'Tis You alone, Madam, that have sweet engaging ways peculiar to Your self, You are easy without Levity; Courteous and Affable without Flattery; You have Wit without Ill nature, and Charms without being vain. I cannot think of all Your Heavenly Qualifications, without upbraiding my self for making such barbarous and unjust Returns. I cannot think of what I have done, without a just Abhorrence; I loath and detest my self, and must needs own, I ought not to subscribe my self, by any other Title, than,

M A D A M,

Your Ungrateful.

LOVE-LETTERS.

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

SO much Wit and Beauty, as You have, shou'd think of nothing less than doing Miracles; and there cannot be a Greater, than to continue to love Me: affecting every thing is mean, as loving Pleasure, and being fond where You find Merit; but to pick out the wildest, and most fantastical odd Man alive, and to place your Kindness there, is an Act so brave and daring, as will shew the Greatness of Your Spirit, and distinguish You in Love, as You are in all things else, from Womankind. Whether I have made a Good Argument for my self, I leave You to Judge; and beg You to believe me, whenever I tell You what Mrs. R. is, since I give you so sincere an Account of

fragrant Blushing Rose; But now, to the Eternal Peace of my satisfy'd Mind, the Feaverish Heat is extinguish'd, and your Charms recover their usual heavenly Brightness; I am the Unhappy Wretch that feels their Force, and consumes of a Feaver never to be extinguish'd, but with the Life of,

M A D A M,

Yours, &c.

By the same Hand.

THIS Morning I discover'd the Happy Signal at your Window, which was as welcome to me as a Cordial to fainting Spirits: Heavens grant the Design be real, Love is never free from Fears; and my presaging Mind bids me not be too confident. If there be any Sympathy in our Souls, as there is in our Manners and Humours, I am sure you must be very much indispos'd; for, all Night long, dreadful Fancies haunted me, and drove all soft and pleasing Ideas from me: The same Rest which guilty despairing Wretches and Feaverish Souls find in the Midst of their Agonies, was my lot all Night long: I could not, durst not slumber; and, as my Love grew more outrageous, my Apprehensions about you were more distracting. I cannot be well till I see you, which, if it be with your usual Charming Gayety, I shall be the most b'ess'd of Mortals: But if Pale Sicknes sit upon your Lips, Heavens grant it may also freeze the Blood of

Y O U R S.

By the same Hand.

IF Distraction be an Argument of Love. I need no other to convince you of my Passion: All my past Actions

Actions have discover'd it, since I had the honour to know you; tho' not any so sensibly as my Behaviour on Sunday-Night: My Reflection on it, gives me more pain than I can express, or you imagine; tho' in my Mind those Actions may be forgiven, that proceed from Excess of Love. My Letter will discover the Loss of my Senses, which I never had so much occasion for as now, especially when I presume to write to one of so much Judgment as your self; but you, my Dearest Creature, must look upon the Infirmities and Distress of a Love-sick Wretch, with the same Candour and Mildness that Heaven does upon you; and let all my Faults be forgiven by your tender Heart, that is design'd for nothing but Compassion, and all the Gentle Actions of softest Love. Whil'st I am preaching up Pity, I must remember to practise it my self, and not to persecute you with more Words, than to tell you, that I Love you to Death; and, when I cease to do it, may Heaven justly punish my broken Vows, and may I be as miserable as now I think my self happy. But as the greatest Passions are discover'd by Silence, so that must direct me to conclude.

Y O U R S.

By the same Hand.

I Am troubled at the Soul, to find my Dearest Life express her self with so much Concern: I am sure, till Death makes me cold, I shall never be so to one whose I entirely am, not so much by Vows as by the sincerest Passion and Inclination. No, my kind Dear, engaging Creature, sooner than utter one Sigh which is not for You, I would chuse to be the Contempt of Mankind, and an Abhorrer of my own loath'd Being. Your Person is too Charming, your Manner too winning, your Principles too honourable, ever to let a Heart escape, that you have once made entirely your

G •

own;

own; and, when mine is not so, may it fester in the
Breast of

YOURS.

By the same Hand.

TO express the grateful sense of the Obligation I
have to You, cannot be effectually done unless
I had your Pen. If You observe my Stile, You will
have reason to conclude I have not received your Inge-
nious Letter of Yesterday, which shou'd have been a
Precedent to me, and a Rule to Write by; I assure
You I am as well satisfy'd of the Reality of the Con-
tents of it, as I am of its Ingenuity. Your Sense is
clear, like Your Actions; and that Spirit that glows
in Your Eyes, shines in Your Lines. I may venture
to say, that Writing is not the least of Your Excellen-
cies, and if any thing cou'd perswade me to stay long-
er than *Friday* or *Saturday* here, it would be in Ex-
pectation of a second Letter from You. 'Tis my great-
est pleasure to hear You are well, and to have the hap-
piness of possessing in Thought, what is deny'd to my
Eyes; desiring the Continuance of them for no other
end, than to gaze upon my dear Conqueress, who, af-
ter a most engaging manner, has the way of kindly
killing

*Her humble and eternally
obliged Servant.*

By the same Hand,

I Hope, my dearest Life, will excuse this imperti-
nence, tho' I received her Commands not to write;
but when I tell her, that the Tumult of my Mind
was so extream, upon the Reflection of my late Fol-
ly, that I cou'd not rest, till I had acknowledgd my
Rashness;

Rashness; I hope she'll continue her usual Goodness of forgiving one, that cannot forgive himself. When I think of my Unworthiness, I rave. I have been treated by the dearest and best of Creatures, with all the Honour and Sincerity imaginable, and my Return has been Brutality and ill Manners, 'Tis You alone, Madam, that have sweet engaging ways peculiar to Your self, You are easy without Levity; Courteous and Affable without Flattery; You have Wit without Ill nature, and Charms without being vain. I cannot think of all Your Heavenly Qualifications, without upbraiding my self for making such barbarous and unjust Returns. I cannot think of what I have done, without a just Abhorrence; I loath and detest my self, and must needs own, I ought not to subscribe my self, by any other Title, than,

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LOVE-LETTERS.

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SO much Wit and Beauty, as You have, shou'd think of nothing less than doing Miracles; and there cannot be a Greater, than to continue to love Me: affecting every thing is mean, as loving Pleasure, and being fond where You find Merit; but to pick out the wildest, and most fantastical odd Man alive, and to place your Kindness there, is an Act so brave and daring, as will shew the Greatness of Your Spirit, and distinguish You in Love, as You are in all things else, from Womankind. Whether I have made a Good Argument for my self, I leave You to Judge; and beg You to believe me, whenever I tell You what Mrs. R. is, since I give you so sincere an Account of

humblest Servant: Remember the Hour of a strict Account, when both Hearts are to be open, and we oblig'd to speak freely, as You order'd it *Yesterday*, for so I must ever call the Day I saw you last, since all time between that and the next Visit, is no part of my Life, or at least like a long Fit of the Falling sickness, wherein I am dead to all Joy and Happiness. Here's a damn'd impertinent Fool bolted in, that hinders me from ending my Letter; the Plague of——take him, and any Man or Woman alive that take my Thoughts off of You: But in the Evening I will see You, and be happy in spite of all the Fools in the World.

To Mrs.——

M A D A M,

IF there be yet alive within you the least Memory of me, which I can hope only, because of the Life that remains with me, is the Dear Remembrance of you; and methinks your Kindness, as the Younger, shou'd out-live mine: Give me leave to assure you, I will meet it very shortly with such a share on my side, as will justifie me to you from all Ingratitude; tho' your Favours are to me the greatest Bliss this World, or Womankind, which I think Heaven, can bestow, (but the hopes of it:) If there can be any Addition to one of the highest Misfortunes, my Absence from you has found the Way to give it me, in not affording me the least Occasion of doing you any Service since I left you: It seems, till I am capable of greater Merit, you resolve to keep me from the Vanity of pretending any at all. Pray consider when you give another leave to serve you, more than I, how much Injustice you run the hazard of committing, when it will not be in your Power to reward that More-deserving Man with half so much Happiness as you have thrown away upon my Worthless Self,

Your Restless Servant,

To

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

I Know not well who has the worst on't, you, who love but a little, or I, who doat to an extravagance; sure, to be half kind, is as bad as to be half-witted; and Madness, both in Love and Reason, bears a better Character than a moderate state of either. Would I cou'd bring you to my Opinion, in this Point; I wou'd then confidently pretend you had too just Exceptions either against me or my Passion, the Flesh and the Devil; I mean all the Fools of my own Sex, and that Fat, with the other lean One of yours, whose prudent Advice is daily concerning you, how dangerous it is to be kind to the Man, upon Earth, who loves you best. I, who still perswade my self, by all the Arguments I can bring, that I am Happy, find this none of the least, that you are too unlike these People every way, to agree with them in any particular. This is writ between sleeping and waking, and I will not answer for its being Sense; but I, dreaming you were at Mrs. N——'s, with five or six Fools, and the Lean Lady wak'd in one of your Horrors, and, in Amaze, Fright, and Confusion, send this to beg a kind one from you, that may remove my Fears, and make me as Happy as I am Faithful.

To Mrs. ———

Dear M A D A M,

Y O U are stark Mad, and therefore the fitter for me to love; and that is the Reason, I think, I can never leave to be

Your humble Servant,

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

TO convince you how just I must ever be to you, I have sent this on purpose, that you may know you are not a Moment out of my Thoughts; and since so much Merit as you have, and such convincing Charms (to me at least) need not wish a greater Advantage over any; to forget you, is the only Reprieve possible for a Man so much your Creature and Servant as I am; which I am so far from wishing, that I conjure you by all the assurances of Kindness you have ever made me proud and happy with, that not two Days can pass without some Letter from you to me: You must leave e'm, &c. ——— to be sent to me with speed. And till the blest Hour wherein I shall see you again, may Happiness of all kinds be as far from me, as I do, both in Love and Jealousie, pray Mankind may be from you.

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

THere is now no minute of my Life that does not afford me some new Argument how much I love you; the little Joy I take in every thing wherein you are not concern'd, the pleasing perplexity of endless Thought, which I fall into, where ever you are brought to my Remembrance; and lastly, the continual disquiet I am in, during your Absence, convince me sufficiently, that I do you Justice in loving you, so as Woman was never lov'd before.

To

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

Your safe Delivery has deliver'd me too from Fears for your sake, which were, I'll promise you, as burthensom to me, as your Great-belly cou'd be to you. Every thing has fallen out to my With, for you are out of Danger, and the Child is of the soft Sex I love. Shortly my Hopes are to see you, and in a little while after to look on you with all your Beauty about you. Pray let no Body but your self open the Box I sent you; I did not know, but that in Lying-in, you might have use of those Trifles: Sick, and in Bed, as I am, I cou'd come at no more of 'em; but if you find 'em, or whatever is in my power of use, to your Service, let me know it.

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

This is the first Service my Hand has done me, since my being a Cripple, and I wou'd not imploy it in a Lie so soon; therefore, pray, believe me sincere, when I assure you, that you are very dear to me; and, as long as I live, I will be kind to you:

P. S. This is all my Hand wou'd write, but my Heart thinks a great deal more.

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

Nothing can ever be so dear to me as you are; and I am so convinc'd of this, that I dare undertake to love you whilst I live: Believe all I say, for that is the kindest thing imaginable, and when you

can devise any way that may appear so to you, instruct me in it, for I need a better understanding, than my own, to shew my Love, without wrong to it.

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

NOW, as I love you, I think I have reason to be Jealous; your Neighbour came in last Night with all the Marks and Behaviour of a Spy; every word and look imply'd, that she came to sollicit your Love, or Constancy: May her Endeavours prove as vain as I with my Fears. May no Man share the Blessings I enjoy, without my Curses; and if they fall on him alone, without touching you, I am happy, tho' he deserves 'em not: but shou'd you be concern'd, they'll all flie back upon my self; for he, whom you are kind to, is so blest, he may safely stand the Curses of all the World without repining; at least, if like me, he be sensible of nothing but what comes from Mrs. ———

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M.

YOU are the most afflicting fair Creature in the World; and however you wou'd perswade me to the Contrary, I cannot but believe the Fault you pretend to excuse, is the only one I cou'd ever be guilty of to you: when you think of receiving an Answer with Common Sense in it, you must write Letters that give less Confusion than your last: I will wait on you, and be reveng'd by continuing to love you, when you grow wearied of it.

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

Yesterday it was impossible to Answer your Letter, which I hope, for that reason, you will forgive me; tho' indeed you have been pleas'd to express your self so extraordinarily, that I know not what I have to Answer to you. Give me some Reason upon your own account only, to be sorry I ever had the Happiness to know you, since I find you repent the Kindness you shew'd me, and undervalue the humble Service I had for you; and, that I might be no happier in your Favours, than you could be in my Love; you have contriv'd it so well, to make them equal to my Hatred; since that cou'd do no more than these pretend to, take away the Quiet of my Life. I tell this not to exempt my self from any Service I can do you, (for I can never forget how very happy I have been) but to convince you, the Love that gives you the Torment of Repentance on your side, and me the Trouble of perceiving it in the other, is equally unjust and cruel to us both, and ought therefore to die.

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

You shall not fail of ——— on *Saturday*; and for your Wretches, as you call 'em, 'tis usually my Custom when I wrong such as they, to make 'em amends; tho' your Maid has aggravated that matter more to my Prejudice than I expected from one who belong'd to you, and for your own share, If I thought you a Woman of Forms, you shou'd receive all the Reparations imaginable; but it is so unquestionable, that I am thoroughly your humble Servant, that all the World must know, I cannot offend you, without being sorry for it.

To

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

THO' upon the Score of Love, which is immediately my Concern, I find aptness enough to be jealous; yet upon that of your safety, which is the only thing in the World weighs more with me than my Love, I apprehend much more. I know, by woful Experience, what comes of dealing with Knaves; such I am sure you have at this time to do with; therefore look well about you, and take it for granted, that unless you can deceive them, they will certainly cozen you. If I am not so wise as they, and therefore less fit to advise you, I am at least more concern'd for you, and for that reason the likelier to prove honest, and the rather to be trusted. Whether you will come to the Duke's Play-house to Day, or at least let me come to you when the Play is done, I leave to your Choice; let me know, if you please, by the Bearer.

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

Might I be so happy to receive such Proofs of your Kindness, as I my self wou'd choose, one of the greatest I cou'd think of were, that all my Actions, however they appear'd at first, might be interpreted as meant for your Service; since nothing is so agreeable to my Nature, as seeking my own satisfaction; and since you are the best Object of that I can find in the World, how can you entertain a Jealousie or Fear? You have the Strongest Security our frail and daily changing Frame can give, that I can live to no end so much, as that of pleasing and serving you.

To

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

I Have not sinn'd so much as to deserve to live two whole Days without seeing of you. From your Justice and Good-nature therefore I will presume you will give me leave to wait on you at Night, and for your sake use not that Power (which you find you have absolute over me) so unmercifully as you did last time, to divert and keep me off, from convincing you by all the Reasons imaginable, how necessary 'tis to preserve you faultless, and make me happy; and also, that you believe and use me like the most Faithful of all your Servants, &c,

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

Dearest of all that ever was dearest to me, if I love any thing in the World like you, or wish it in my Power to do it, may I ever be as unlucky and as hateful as when I saw you last. I who have no way to express my Kindness to you, but Letters, which cannot speak it half; whether shall I think my self more unfortunate, who cannot tell you how much I Love, or you, who can never know how well you are belov'd; I wou'd fain bring it about, if it were possible, to wait upon you to day; for besides that I never am without the passionate Desire of being with you, at this time I have something to tell you, that is for your Service, and will not be unpleasant News, but I am in Chains here, and must seek out some Device, to break 'em for a quarter of an hour.

To

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

IT is impossible for me to neg'ect what I love, as it wou'd be impertinent to profess love where I had none; but I take the vanity to assure my self, you cannot conclude so severely both of my Truth and Reason, as to suspect me for either of those Faults. If there has been a Misfortune in the Miscarriage of my Letters, I beseech you not to add to it by an uncharitable Censure, but to do me the Right to believe the last thing possible in the World, is the least Omission of either Kindness or Service to you: I wish the whole World was as intirely yours as I am, you wou'd then have no Reason to complain of any Body; at least, it wou'd be your own Fault, if they were not what you pleas'd. Those Wretches you speak of in your Letter, are so little valuable, that you will easily forget their Malice, and rather look upon the more considerable Part of the World, who will ever find it their Interest, and make it their vanity to serve you. And now to let you know how soon I propose to be out of pain, two Days hence I leave this Place, in order to my Journey towards *London*; and may I then be but as happy as your Kindness can make me, I shall have but very little room either for Envy or Ambition.

Octob. 6th This Morning
your Messenger came.

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

I Found you in a Chiding Humour to Day, and so I left you; to Morrow I hope for better Luck: till when, neither you, nor any you can employ, shall know whether I am under or above Ground; therefore

fore lie still, and satisfie your self, that you are not, nor can be half so kind to Mrs. ——— as I am :

Good night.

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

MY Faults are such, as, among reasonable People, will ever find Excuse; but to you I will make none, you are so very full of Mystery: I believe you make your Court with good Success, at least I wish it; and as the kindest thing I can say, do assure you, you shall never be my Pattern, either in Good-nature, or Friendship, for I will be after my own rate, not yours,

Your humble Servant,

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

I Am far from delighting in the Grief I have given you, by taking away the Child; and you, who made it so absolutely necessary for me to do so, must take that Excuse from me, for all the ill Nature of it: On the other side, pray be assur'd, I love Betty so well, that you need not apprehend any Neglect from those I Employ; and I hope very shortly to restore her to you a finer Girl than ever. In the Mean time you wou'd do well to think of the Advice I gave you, for how little shew soever my Prudence makes in my own Affairs, in yours it will prove very successful, if you please to follow it; and since Discretion is the thing alone you are like to want, pray study to get it.

To

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

I Came to Town late last Night, tho' time enough to receive News from the King very surprizing, you being chiefly concern'd in't: I must beg that I may speak with you this Morning, at ten a Clock; I will not fail to be at your Door: The Affair is unhappy, and to me on many Scores, but on none, more than that it has disturb'd the Heaven of Thought I was in, to think, after so long an Absence, I had liv'd to be again blest with seeing my Dearest Dear, Mrs. ———

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M.

I Am forc'd at last to own, That 'tis very uneasie to me to live so long without hearing a Word of you, especially when I reflect how ill-natur'd the World is to pretty Women, and what occasion you may have for their Service. Besides, I am unsatisfied yet, why that Inconsiderable Service you gave me leave to do you, and which I left positive Orders for when I came away, was left unperform'd; and if the Omission reflect upon my Servant, or my self, that I might punish the one, and clear the other. I have often wish'd, I know not why, but I think for your sake more than my own, that Mrs. ——— might forget me quite: but I find it wou'd trouble me of all things, shou'd she think ill of me, or remember me to hate me, but when ever she wou'd make me happy; if she can yet wish me so, let her command some real Service, and my Obedience will prove the best Reward my Hopes can aim at.

To

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

MY Visit Yesterday was intended to tell you, I had not Din'd in Company of Women, which (tho' for a certain Reason I cou'd not very well express with Words) was however sufficiently made appear, since you could not be so very Illnatur'd to make severe Reflections upon me when I was gone. Where Men without Frailties, how wou'd you bring it about to make 'em love you so blindly as they do. I cannot yet imagine what fault you could find in my Love-letter; certainly 'twas full of Kindness and Duty to you; and whilst these two Points are kept inviolable, 'tis very hard when you take any thing ill. I fear staying at Home so much gives you the Spleen (for I am loth to believe 'tis I) I have therefore sent you the two Plays that are acted this Afternoon; if that Diversion cou'd put you into so good a Humour, as to make you able to endure me again, I shou'd be very much oblig'd to the Stage. However, if your Anger continue, shew your self at the Play, that I may look upon you, and go mad. Your Revenge is in your own Eyes; and if I must suffer, I wou'd chuse that way.

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

THo' not for real Kindness sake, at least to make your own Words good, (which is a Point of Honour proper for a Woman) endeavour to give me some undeniable Proofs that you Love me. If there be any in my Power which I have yet neither given nor afforded, you must exp'ain your self; I am perhaps very dull, but withal very sincere: I could wish, for your sake, and my own, that your Failings were such;

such; but be they what they will, since I must Love you, allow me the liberty of telling you sometimes unmannerly Truths, when my Zeal for your Service causes, and your own interest requires it: These Inconveniencies you must bear with from those that love you, with greater regard to you than themselves; such a One I pretend to be, and I hope, if you do not yet believe it, you will in time find it.

You have said something that has made me fancy to Morrow will prove a happy Day to me; however, pray let me see you before you speak with any other Man, there are Reasons for it, Dearest of all my Desires. I expect your Commands.

An Hour after I left You.

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

I Have a very just Quarrel to Business, upon a thousand Faults, and will now continue it, whilst I live, since it takes from me some Hours of your Company. Till two in the Afternoon, I cannot come to you; pity my Ill-fortune, and send me word where I shall then find you.

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

I Was just beginning to write You word, that I am the most Unlucky Creature in the World, when Your Letter came in, and made me more certain; for You Tempt me by desiring me to do the thing upon Earth I have the most Fondness of, at this time; that is, going with You to *Windsor*; but the Devil has laid a Block in my Way, and I must not, for my Life, stir out of Town these ten Days. You will
 scarce

scarce believe me in this Particular, as You shou'd do, but I will convince You of the Truth, when I wait on You; in the Mean time (to shew the Reality of my Intentions) there is a Coach ready hired for to morrow, which, if not true, You may disprove me by making use of it.

To Mrs. —

M A D A M,

Believe me, (Dearest of all Pleasures) that those I can receive from any thing but You, are so extremely dull they hardly deserve the Name. If You distrust me, and all my Professions, upon the Score of Truth and Honour, at least let 'em have Credit on another, upon which my greatest Enemies will not deny it me; and that is, its being Notorious, that I mind nothing but my own Satisfaction. You may be sure I cannot chuse but love You above the World, whatever becomes of the King, Court, or Mankind, and all their Impertinent Business. I will come to You this Afternoon.

To Mrs. —

M A D A M,

That I do not see You, is not that I wou'd not, for that, the Devil take me, if I wou'd not do every Day of my Life, but for these Reasons You shall know hereafter, in the mean time, I can give You no Account of Your Business as yet; but of my own Part, which I am sure will not be agreeable without others, who, I am confident will give full Satisfaction in a very short time, to all Your Desires: When 'tis done, I will tell You something that, perhaps, may make You think that I am Mrs. —

Sunday.

Your humble Servant,

To

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

Till I have mended my Manners, I am asham'd to look you in the Face, but Seeing You is as necessary to my Life, as Breathing; so that I must see You, or be Yours no more; for that's the Image I have of Dying. The Sight of You then, being my Life, I cannot but confess, with an humble and sincere Repentance, that I have hitherto liv'd very ill; receive my Confession, and let the Promise of my future Zeal and Devotion obtain my Pardon, for last Night's Blasphemy against You, my *Heaven*; so shall I Hope, hereafter, to be made partaker of such Joys, in Your Arms, as meeting Tongues but faintly can express. *Amen.*

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

IAssure You I am not half so Faulty as unfortunate in serving You; I will not tell You my Endeavours, nor excuse my Breach of Promise; But leave it to You to find the cause of my doing so ill, to one I wish so well to; but I hope to give You a better Account shortly. The Complaint You spoke to me, concerning Miss, I know nothing of, for she is as great a Stranger to me, as she can be to You. So, thou pretty Creature Farewell.

Your humble Servant,

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

YOur Letter so transports me, that I know not how to answer it, the Expressions are so soft, and
 seem

seem to be so sincere, that I were the unreasonablest Creature on Earth, cou'd I but seem to distrust my being the happier: and the best Contrivance I can think of, for conveying a Letter to me, is making a Porter bring it my Foot-man, where-ever I am, whether at St. James's, Whitehall, or home. They are at present pulling down some Part of my Lodging, which will not permit me to see You there; but I will wait on You at any other Place, what Time You please.

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

I Could say a great deal to You, but will conceal it till I have Merit: so these shall be only to beg your Pardon, for desiring your Excuse till Monday, and then you shall find me an Honest Man, and one of my Word, So Mrs. ———

Your Servant,

To Mrs. ———

Dear M A D A M,

M Y Omitting to write to you all this while, were an unpardonable Errour, had I been guilty of it thro' Neglect towards you, which I value you too much ever to be capable of. But I have never been two Days in a Place, since Mrs. ——— went away; which I ought to have given you Notice of and have let you know, that her Crime was, making her Court to ——— with Stories of you; entertaining her continually with the Shame she underwent to be seen in Company of so horrid a Body as your self, in order to the obtaining of her ———'s Employment; and lastly, that my ——— was ten times prettier than that

that nasty B——, I was so fond of at London, which I had by you. This was the grateful Acknowledgment she made you for all your Favours, and this Recompence for all the little Services; which, upon your Account, she receiv'd from,

Your humble Servant, &c.

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

A Nger, Spleen, Revenge, and Shame, are not yet so powerful with me, as to make me disown this great Truth, That I love you above all things in the World: But, I thank God, I can distinguish, I can see very Woman in you, and from your self am convinc'd I have never been in the Wrong in the Opinion of Women: 'Tis impossible for me to curse you; but give me leave to pity my self, which is more than ever you will do for me. You have a Character, and you maintain it; but I am sorry you make me an Example to prove it: It seems (as you excel in every thing) you scorn to grow less in that noble Quality of Using your Servants very hardly: You do well not to forget it; and rather practice upon me, than lose the Habit of being very Severe, for you that chuse rather to be Wise than Just or Good-natur'd, may freely dispose of all things in your Power, without Regard to one, or the other. As I admire you, I wou'd be glad I cou'd imitate you; it were but Manners to endeavour it; which, since I am not able to perform, I confess you are in the Right to call that Rude, which I call Kind; and so keep me in the Wrong for ever, which you cannot chuse but take great Delight in: You need but continue to make it fit for me not to love you, and you can never want something to upbraid me with.

Three a Clock in the Morning.

F I N I S.